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Original Poetry.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

'Tis Saturday night, our own calm night,
The stars look down with a purer light
As the evening glides away
To the hour when anew the week is born
In the far off dusk of the Sabbath morn,
The first of a holy day.

How many a heart in the world abroad,
Looks up at the stars and blesses God—
This night of the earthly seven;
For though long toil has filled the past,
The Sabbath eve has come at last,
With a sure foretaste of Heaven.

Dull sounds are heard in the trodden street,
Of weary limbs and of aching feet,
That to night from toil shall cease,
And dream of that which yet shall be
When the dawn of man's long destiny
Breaks in eternal peace.

There is many an eye, when the head is prest
To the homely couch of nightly rest,
Looks out from the casement pane,
And fixed on the starry myriads, drinks
Their far off light, while the gazer thinks
If the stars never rest from pain.

If they never tire in their ceaseless round,
Onward and on in the blue profound,
And yearn for the closing even—
If they move not up with a plaintive cry,
Eager and willing and proud to die,
To be but the nearer Heaven!

Bright, beautiful things! Oh! yes, they bear
The burthen of the poor man's prayer,
Yet tireless and unworn,
And shorn not of their guiding might,
They yet rush on, in the closing light,
To break on a Sabbath morn.

Pictures of Life.

BYGONES OF THE BACKWOODS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MIAMI EXPEDITION.

It is now a good many years—so many, indeed, that we are hardly inclined to acknowledge having accompanied the expedition in connection with which the circumstances we are about to relate took place, as we are still upon the list of bachelors—since the United States Government found it necessary to despatch a considerable military force, under the command of General Wayne, to repress the incursions of the Indians who occupied the hunting-grounds contiguous to the north-western frontier of the territory of the republic. The troops consisted of a couple of battalions of regulars and a large number of volunteers, who joined them from their respective townships as they passed along towards the point of concentration—each of the States exposed to the ravages of the Red Men contributing its quota. Having arrived near the scene of action towards the close of autumn, the commander encamped on the northern bank of the Ohio River, within a short distance of the line which bounds, on the western side, the State which bears the same name, and resolved to spend the winter in the discipline of his new levies, with the view of taking the field in the highest possible state of organization early in the ensuing spring, and then deciding the matter at a blow. The result attested the wisdom of this course and the accuracy of his calculations, as the campaign may almost be said to have been confined to the decisive victory obtained on the Miami of the lakes.

On a fine evening, some weeks before the force had arrived at the place where it subsequently took up its winter-quarters, the sounds of angry altercation might have been heard issuing from a group of four individuals, who stood in front of a block-house in a recently-cleared patch of ground, at no great distance from the town of ———, in the State of Tennessee. One of the four was an Indian; of the others, two were young white men, of slender, but hardy and active make; whilst the third, likewise a white man, was evidently the senior of his companions by probably a score of years, and the possessor of a frame whose towering height and brawny and muscular proportions contrasted strikingly with the light and agile forms of the other individuals of the group. The contrast presented in this particular, however, was not more striking than that which existed between the gloomy and vindictive scowl which lowered on his naturally sombre countenance, and the open and honest frankness displayed in the features, though now lighted up with indignation, of at least that portion of the remainder of the party who were his kin in point of color.

"I tell you what, my lads," exclaimed the ominous-looking individual in deep and threatening tones, "one word for all: the shooting-iron's mine by lawful barter; and what's mine I mean to keep, until I meet a better man than myself to take it from me—and I reckon that's neither Charley Simmonds nor Chingowska."

"Either of us is as good so far as manhood goes," replied the young man named as Charley Simmonds; "and the worst of us is far better, if honesty is to be taken into the account. As for the barter you speak of, I suppose it is about as lawful an affair as that with the Green Mountain carrier whom you persuaded to swap his team of oxen against your horse, that he never saw, on your swearing that he was free from disease, leaving him to find out afterwards that the beast had broken his neck down the Sandstone Cliff a week before."

"I make some allowance for your feelings, Charley," rejoined the former speaker, "in regard of my having got inside you in the good-will of Sally Benton; but I don't usually bear so much stirring up, and take it so quietly; so leave off while the play is good, if you're fond of yourself."

"Keep less talk about Sally Benton!" exclaimed with great warmth the white man who had hitherto spoken, and who was brother to the young woman referred to. "She does not like a bone in your body; and if she did, her friends might like to know whether a man that deserted his wife and three children a couple of years ago in Jefferson county is any acquaintance of yours, or whether you ever heard of a sheriff's officer who was found about the same time with a hole through his head that never came there by nature, and that was as like one that a piece of ragged lead would make as the description I got of one Sam Staples, who made himself rather scarce in that clearing just after the occurrence, is like the man that calls himself Bill Tuckett. My ears were not closed when I was down east last fall; so take yourself along more quietly, and look out for a wife somewhere else than in the family of Sally Benton, Master Bill Tuckett, or Sam Staples, whichever you choose to call yourself."

Astonishment, consternation, and rage, were successively depicted in the countenance of the man calling himself Bill Tuckett, who had but recently come to settle in that neighborhood, representing himself as an unmarried man. For several seconds he glared in silent passion on his accuser, and seemed for a time as if about to rush upon him and rend him in pieces on the spot. After a mighty struggle with himself, however, he succeeded in mastering every external appearance of emotion, and even smiled grimly as he replied, "If you had a beard upon your face, young fellow, you might find me dangerous to be talked to after that style. Meantime, I don't like to have my dander riz by a boy that's only fit to be whipped by his mother; so I wish you good night." So saying, he turned on his heel and entered the block-house.

As he passed through the doorway, Charley Simmonds called aloud after him, "I say, Bill Tuckett, don't suppose you are going to make your own of Chingowska's rifle so easily. When we return from the west, you'll hear more about it."

No answer was returned. After a brief pause, the young men, with their red companion, left the spot, and proceed in the direction of the town.

Before they were quite lost to view in the distance, the gigantic frame of Tuckett again appeared in the doorway. The blackness of the thunder-cloud brooded on his countenance as he gazed on their retiring forms in silence for some moments. Then fiercely shaking his clenched fist towards the quarter they had taken, and perhaps unconsciously giving audible expression to his feelings, he exclaimed, "Ay, when you 'return from the west;' but it shall be my care that you *don't* return. No half measures will answer now. The stories that your friend has taken the trouble of collecting down east will cost you all dear out west. 'Tis your blood or mine!"

Had the feelings of the soliloquiser been less excited by his theme, he might have detected at this moment a rustling in the underwood, in which the block-house was partly embosomed, which could not have proceeded from the wind, as not a breath of air was stirring. His faculties, however, were wholly absorbed by the subject of his passion, and after a brief interval, he again disappeared in the house. The next moment a young lad, brother to Charley Simmonds, and his junior by three or four years, emerged from the thicket, and keeping the rear of the building, made his way in the same direction as that already pursued by the other members of the party. He had accidentally been passing at a short distance from the spot, when he was attracted by the sound of voices engaged in angry altercation, as already described, when his youthful curiosity stimulated him to approach and listen, availing himself of the concealment afforded by the bushes. He had been about to withdraw when Tuckett reappeared, and uttered the ominous language just quoted, every syllable of which, amid the stillness and solitude of the place, was borne distinctly to the ears of the listener. He determined of course to take the earliest opportunity of informing his brother of the circumstance, and placing him and his friends on their guard against any treachery that Tuckett might contemplate. A slight alteration of their arrangements, however, of which he remained in ignorance until too late, rendered any communication between them impossible.

All the individuals whom we have introduced to the reader were included among the volunteers who were to join from that township the expedition under General Wayne. The comparatively tender age of the younger Simmonds was not considered a fact of sufficient importance to prevent the gratification of his wish to be allowed to make one of their number, as—though his strength was not yet sufficiently matured for a hand-to-hand struggle—like most of the frontier lads of his years, he was already familiar with the crack of the rifle, and had more than once drawn a trigger on active service. Local circumstances had induced the arrangement, that the party should start for the place of rendezvous in two separate detachments, the first of which, including the four first named individuals—for the Red Man belonged to a friendly tribe, and spent nearly as much of his time in the settlement as on the prairie, and consequently accompanied, as a matter of course, his white friends on the expedition against their common enemy—was to set out on the following morning; and the second, to which the younger Simmonds was attached, in the course of the subsequent week. The altercation we have described, however, rendering the young men little disposed to hold companionship with Tuckett during a march that must occupy from seven to ten days, they resolved on starting that very evening, so as to keep constantly in advance of the party in whose company he was to travel. Accompanied, therefore, by their Indian ally, and some two or three of their more intimate associates, to whom the project was communicated, the little band commenced their journey, and had accomplished nearly a score of miles, when they halted to "camp" for the night. Of this anticipation of their original plan the brother of Charley Simmonds was in ignorance, until, in seeking him, for the purpose of acquainting him with the threat which Tuckett had made use of, he learned that he had already departed.

It is necessary here to explain the original cause of the quarrel of which we have described a part. In the summer of the preceding year, the skill and daring of Chingowska, at extreme peril to his own life, had saved that of an English gentleman who was hunting on a distant prairie, when under the very tomahawks of half a-dozen warriors of a hostile tribe. The grateful Englishman would have been profuse in his liberality towards his gallant deliverer, but the latter would accept of little in the shape of reward. One article, however, in the possession of the former had excited his admiration, and it was evident he regarded it with a longing eye. This was a London rifle, of superior finish and workmanship, which carried a ball half as large again as the ordinary American rifle; and which, sending the deadly missile to the mark with equal accuracy, was certain to bring the game to the ground with a mortal wound at a range so great, that the very best weapon the Indian had ever seen in use on the frontier before would fail to break the skin at a similar distance. Of course the gun, with the bullet-mould, and every other necessary implement connected with it, at once became the property of Chingowska, with the addition of a quantity of powder and lead, and a considerable sum of money. Of the latter, the unfortunate Red Man, like most of his race when similarly circumstanced, spent a part in dissipation among the settlements, and suffered himself to be speedily cheated of the remainder. Fully appreciating, however, the value of his rifle, and its vast superiority to any thing of the kind to be met with in the back woods, he resisted every inducement to part with it in the way either of purchase or exchange, though numerous and tempting offers were made to him upon the subject. But poor Chingowska had his weakness. The fatal vice, the parent of all the follies, misfortunes, and crimes which have almost swept the once noble race to which he belonged from the face of the earth, is a fondness for strong drink. To procure this, Chingowska had already parted with every thing but his beloved rifle. On the evening previous to that on which the dispute we have described took place, Tuckett invited him to his block-house to partake of some rum. The unsuspecting Indian readily fell into the snare. His treacherous host plied him with drink until he sunk in utter insensibility upon the floor; and on his restoration to consciousness at an advanced hour the following day, he was informed, in reply to his inquiry for his rifle, which had disappeared, together with his bullet-mould, that he had agreed the previous evening to dispose of it in barter for the rum which he consumed, and a worthless old shot-gun, which his deceitful entertainer now tendered him. Of course the indignation of the poor defrauded Red Man was excessive; but as Tuckett was prepared for this, and treated his remonstrances with contempt, he was compelled to leave the place without his prized weapon, and carry his complaint to his friends Simmonds and Benton, with whom he had often traversed the forest and the prairie either in the pursuit of game, or on the trail of the hostile Indian. In company with them, he had the subsequent fruitless interview with Tuckett, the particulars of which have been detailed.

On the following morning, the remainder of the first detachment of volunteers commenced their march, and reached General Wayne's encampment in due course, the half dozen who preceded them having arrived on the previous evening. At the appointed time, the second party, including young Tom Simmonds, started for the camp, which they reached without the occurrence of any event essentially connected with the thread of our narrative.

Of course the first inquiry of Tom Simmonds on his arrival was for the quarters of his brother. What was his consternation on being told in reply that his brother and Chingowska were condemned to death by a court martial for the murder of Dick Benton, whose dead body had been found in the wood a couple of miles beyond the lines, and that the sentence was to be carried into execution at daybreak on the following morning!

On recovering from the first stunning shock of the intelligence, he flew at once to the hut in which the condemned men were confined. On attempting to enter, he was repulsed by the sentry, and informed that none could be admitted without an order from the officer who had presided at the court martial before which they had been tried. To seek him out, and obtain the necessary order, occupied a considerable time, and fearfully abridged the period which intervened before the hour at which the sentence was to be carried into execution; reducing to narrow limits, indeed, the space in which alone any effort could be made to avert the frightful doom. It is unnecessary to say that the idea of the remotest possibility of his brother's guilt never once entered the mind of Tom Simmonds.

We need not dwell on the meeting of the brothers. Though the heart of each was full, there was no time for the indulgence of idle lamentation or useless expressions of sorrow, if any exertion was to be made in behalf of the condemned. Tom was soon made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. The body of Benton had been found by some of the men who had gone out in pursuit of game, in the edge of a dense wood, cold and stiff, having evidently been lifeless for several hours. It displayed two wounds, the least of which was mortal. One was a bullet wound right through the body; the other was a tomahawk wound in the head, so deep, that it was evident the axe must have penetrated the skull of the victim *to the very eye of the weapon*. What caused the names of Charley Simmonds and Chingowska to be first connected with the murder was the fact, that immediately after the discovery of the body, a rumor was found to pervade the camp that, on the very night previous to that day, a violent quarrel had taken place between them and the deceased, which had been overheard to result in mutual threats of violence and revenge. This was considered sufficient to fix suspicion on them, and justify their being placed under arrest. At the examination which ensued, the accused men both solemnly denied not only that an angry word had ever passed between them and the deceased, but that they had been beyond the lines on that side of the camp since their arrival at all. At this stage of the proceedings, however, one of the party who had discovered the body produced a strip of fur, a few inches in length, which had been found within a few feet of the spot on which the murder was committed, and which, on being now examined, was found to *correspond* precisely with a spot from which a similar piece had evidently been recently torn on the hunting shirt of Charley Simmonds, the edges of which were trimmed with fur of a similar description. In fact no doubt could be entertained that it was the identical piece which had been torn from his garment; nor did he attempt to question the fact himself, though quite unable to explain how it came to be found at the scene of the murder. Another of the men now produced a wampum belt, which he stated he had found in the wood not twenty yards from the same spot, but which he had not thought of connecting in any way with the tragical occurrence, until the circumstance of the strip of fur suggested the idea. A single glance at the Indian served to discover that his wampum belt was gone, and his knife and tomahawk suspended from a canvass girdle, which a score of witnesses were ready to prove had not been the case on the preceding day. Poor Chingowska at once recognized his belt, but could furnish no other account of its disappearance from his person than the statement that, having obtained rum from some of the men on the previous evening, he had fallen asleep in a state of intoxication, and missing his belt on awaking, had substituted the canvass one which he now wore.

The result of the examination was the appointment of a court martial for the trial of Simmonds and his red friend for the murder. The circumstances above detailed were adduced for the prosecution, and the prisoners were called on for their defence. It was simple, and consisted of a denial of having ever had a quarrel with the deceased, and of having been in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy at all. The rumor of the quarrel having been traced to its source, it was ascertained that Bill Tuckett had, on the night previous to the day on which the murder was committed, observed to a comrade that he feared some bad work would follow from the bitter language and violent threats which he had overheard proceeding from the occupants of a hut, which he pointed out, as he was passing along to his own quarters. He did not appear at the time to know who the parties were by whom the hut was occupied, but said that the voices seemed somewhat familiar to his ear, though, from the excited tone in which they spoke, he could not recognise them with sufficient distinctness to name the speakers. Being called on for his evidence at the court-martial, he deposed to precisely the same effect, declining to swear that the voices he heard were really those of the three individuals in question, but pointing out the hut which they had occupied as that from which the sounds had issued; the prisoners themselves admitting that they and their late unfortunate comrade had been its sole occupants from nightfall until sunrise. In support of their denial of ever having had a quarrel, as described, with the deceased, they could therefore furnish no evidence whatever; their own statement to that effect of course going for little against the testimony of a disinterested person. In support of their statement that they had not been in the vicinity of the place in which the murder had been committed, however, Tuckett was recalled, and asked by the prisoner Simmonds whether he had not returned within the lines at an early hour in the afternoon of the day in question, accompanied by Chingowska, passing close by the spot where he, Tuckett, was standing on guard at the *northern* extremity of the camp, whereas the body of the deceased was discovered nearly two miles distant from the *southern* extremity? This circumstance, if proved, would have been strong presumptive evidence in their favor when the particulars of time and distance were taken into calculation; but the reply of Tuckett at once decided the case.

"Sorry I can't help my friends at a pinch," said he; "but no man passed my post entering the camp whilst I was on guard that day."

The surprise of Simmonds was unbounded at this answer; and even Chingowska, who had long been schooled into the habitual control of every symptom of emotion on critical occasions, displayed some marks of astonishment. But the effect produced on the court was fatal to the cause of the prisoners. The apparent scrupulosity of Tuckett in declining to swear positively that the voices which he had heard raised in anger, and the utterance of threatening language, were actually those of the prisoners and the deceased, had disposed the judges to attach considerable weight to his testimony; and the directness and distinctness of his reply to the last question naturally bore down, in their estimation, all the protestations of the accused to the contrary. The circumstance of an article of the dress of each having been found within a short distance of the body of the murdered man, with whom it was believed that they had just quarrelled, and against whom they had indulged in threats of vengeance, would of itself have weighed heavily against them; but when to this was added the damning fact of their having attempted to establish an *alibi*, which was disproved by the very witness whom they cited in its support, the court had little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that they were guilty of the crime laid to their charge, and sentencing them to undergo the punishment of death. The evidence was submitted to General Wayne in due course, who approved of and confirmed both the finding and the sentence.

Having made his brother acquainted with these details, Charley Simmonds stated that the most unaccountable and mysterious circumstance in the entire transaction he considered to be the answer of Tuckett to his question concerning his having passed him while on guard; as not only must he have seen him, but he had actually replied to a word of salutation which Simmonds addressed to him in passing—Chingowska passing him in silence, in consequence of the affair concerning the rifle. The allusion to the rifle immediately recalled the threat of Tuckett to the memory of Tom, the relation of which seemed to Charley to throw a new light on the whole procedure. The hope of life again sprung up within his bosom; a variety of suggestions were proposed and rejected; and Tom at length departed to carry into execution the only plan which held out a possibility of averting the threatened doom of the condemned, and bringing the real assassin to justice.

Proceeding to the quarters of the general, he sought and obtained an audience, laid before him the suspicions he had formed, and the hopes he entertained of being enabled to clear up the mystery, and concluded by begging a brief respite of the sentence, to admit of his making the exertions he proposed. This was at once and decisively refused. It was clear that the general was fully convinced of the guilt of the prisoners; and the utmost that the petitioner could prevail on him to grant, was permission for himself, and any of the troops he might select as his assistants, to pass into and out of the camp, as they might find it necessary, during the night—the ordinary rule being, that none should pass the lines between sunset and sunrise—with leave to approach his, the general's quarters, and have him aroused at any hour previous to that appointed for the execution, should he succeed in discovering anything tending to demonstrate the innocence of his unfortunate brother.

Tom's next step was to collect about a score of his brother's most intimate associates, acquaint them with the measures he meant to adopt, and request their co-operation. Of course the warm-hearted Borderers embarked with enthusiasm in the cause; and in a short time Tom proceeded to the scene of the murder, accompanied by a body of friends whose zeal, combined with the skill, ingenuity and perseverance which the peculiar habits of the life of the backwoodsman naturally endow him with, promised to do all that could be effected by human agency towards securing the consummation of his hopes.

Their first care on arriving at the spot was to ascertain the precise position occupied by the body of the deceased when first discovered. For this purpose they induced the soldier who had made the discovery to accompany the party. Connecting the information obtained from him with the fact that the ball had entered the breast, and passed out between the shoulders, which had been previously ascertained by the examination of the body, they were enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of the quarter *from which* the deadly missile had first proceeded, and, by necessary consequence, of the direction *in which* it had most probably *continued its course* after having perforated the person of its victim. They then dispersed, and commenced a rigid scrutiny of the bark of the neighboring trees in that direction.

The difficulties which obstructed the examination were of no trivial character. It had scarcely commenced, when the sun went down, and night descended. Still, the search must be prosecuted, or the object of their solicitude be abandoned to his fate, as he would assuredly expiate his imputed crime on the gallows at daybreak, if his innocence were not established in the interval. Accordingly, pine-wood torches were prepared, and each individual of the party bearing one, the work went forward. But hour after hour passed away, and still no discovery was made. Midnight approached, and the hopes of the associates became fewer and feebler, and some amongst them began to calculate the period that Charley Simmonds had to live. Still, they toiled on through the livelong night, resolved that at all events no effort of theirs should be wanting to avert the horrible fate which seemed to await their old companion.

The gloom of the eastern sky was still unvisited by any symptom of the approaching day, though some of the young men had already begun to cast fearful glances at that quarter of the heavens, when a loud and cheerful shout from one of their number speedily brought his companions to the spot. He pointed to an orifice, the recent nature of which was evident from the rawness of the timber, in the soft trunk of a cotton-wood tree, by probing which with the smaller end of a ramrod, the presence of a foreign body at the depth of a few inches was ascertained. The application of the axe speedily extracted the object, on the nature of which was now suspended the realization of all their hopes, and which proved to be as they expected—a leaden bullet, and that with which doubtless the murder had been committed. Its appearance at once demonstrated two things; the softness of the cotton-wood had so little altered its shape, that the ragged lead proved with the utmost distinctness that it had been discharged from a *grooved barrel*, consequently it could not have been fired by Chingowska, who still carried, in default of a better, the old *smooth bore*, which Tuckett had palmed upon him as already recorded; whilst its size was so great, that it was at once declared that no rifle barrel on the frontier, *save one*, would have admitted it; therefore it could not have been fired by Charley Simmonds, as he was not the possessor of the weapon which formed the exception.

In anticipation of this discovery, and with a view to the possible importance of a moment of time, the party had brought with them from the camp a number of horses. Mounted on the fleetest of these, Tom Simmonds now swept along with the speed of light towards the general's quarters, for life and death indeed depended on the cast. His tale was soon told, and an order for the suspension of the execution procured, the general not hesitating to grant it, on viewing the new features which the case presented; and ten minutes afterwards, he placed the important document in the hands of the commander of the prisoners' guard, as that officer was in the act of delivering over his charge, to be dealt with by the provost-marshal according to their sentence!

At a late hour in the morning General Wayne directed the body of poor Benton to be exhumed for further examination. Every individual experienced in gunshot wounds who viewed it, pronounced the wound which traversed the body to have been beyond all doubt inflicted by a rifle-ball; and now that attention was directed to that point, declared with equal confidence that it was nearly double the size of the orifice which would have been caused by the largest bullet which a gun of the calibre of the ordinary western rifle, such as that carried by Charley Simmonds, would admit. With reference to the wound in the head, it was well known that Simmonds never carried a tomahawk, and it was shown to be physically impossible that it could have been inflicted by that of Chingowska. The axes employed in western warfare, it is well known, are of two kinds—one, the blade of which is narrow, and the edge from point to point long; the other having the face of the weapon short, but its depth from the edge to the eye considerable. That worn by Chingowska was of the former kind. A blow from it must have produced an incision nearly twice the length of that which the head of poor Benton exhibited, and could not possibly have made one much above half its depth. On applying one of the latter description, however, partaking of the form of the wedge rather than the hatchet, it was found to fit the wound with the greatest exactness, so as to leave no doubt that the blow had been inflicted by a similar weapon.

The General inquired whether Tuckett was accustomed to use the tomahawk; and on hearing from a score of persons who were familiar with his habits that he carried one of the latter description, ordered him at once to be placed under arrest.

But that worthy had not been disposed to await the result of the investigation. The camp was searched; but he was nowhere to be found. Some of the heavier and less portable articles of his property were still at his quarters; but it soon became plain that, having heard of the discovery of the rifle-ball, which was certain to bring home the murder to his own door, as the possessor of the only piece on the frontier that would carry one of that size, he had at once absconded, taking with him little besides his arms, including the very rifle which was so essentially connected with the discovery of his part in the catastrophe.

Whilst the excitement was at the highest, a man arrived in camp who had been absent on leave since the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and who heard of the tragedy now for the first time. On being informed of the circumstantial evidence which had so nearly resulted in the death of the late prisoners, he at once stated that, on the evening previous to his departure, he had seen Tuckett tear a morsel of the fur from the trimming of the hunting-shirt of Charley Simmonds, the latter having thrown the garment aside whilst engaged in some athletic exercise. He thought it odd of Tuckett, he said, but did not interfere, as he considered it no affair of his. The wampum belt of the Indian had doubtless been purloined whilst the owner lay in a state of helpless intoxication, and both deposited for obvious purposes in the place where they were subsequently discovered.

CONFOUNDING DANIEL WITH NOAH.—When Daniel Webster was in the West, a year or two since, Mr. B———, one of the most conspicuous citizens, on being introduced to the distinguished statesman, addressed him as follows:—

"I have read your *spelling-book and dictionary*, Mr. Webster, but I never before had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

Selected Tale.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

In the early part of November, 184-, during one of those short but violent gales of such frequent occurrence on the north-east coast of Scotland, an event took place which is unhappily so common on our stormy shores as to create but a passing sensation, unless circumstances arise to bring it more immediately under our view. The facts were these:—

Early in the morning, a boat manned by five of the "fisher folk" of ———, a father and four sons, went two or three miles out to sea, in pursuance of their constant occupation after the close of the herring season—fishing for haddock, whiting, &c. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north-west—but such as these hardy men have so frequently to encounter, as to be rendered often too careless of its danger—and nothing appeared to threaten a storm. However, with the sun, as is frequently the case, rose the wind; and with the wind, in a space of time incredibly short to those who have not witnessed it, rose the wild waves, rolling in with a deafening sound upon the iron-bound coast, which speedily became encircled by a belt of white surf, reaching many yards out from the shore, and amid which it was impossible for a boat to live. The fishers perceived the change in the weather, and differed in opinion as to the course they should adopt. Some were for remaining on the open sea, where, unless the storm became very severe, they were in comparative safety; but the old father and his youngest and favorite son urged their immediate return, as the season was too far advanced to permit of any certain reliance on the various prognostics, so well known to the fishers of the coast, which seemed to announce that the gale would have but a short duration. Their council carried the day, for all loved and respected their father; and the young George, the only one of the brothers who had a wife and children, represented that it was due to the helpless ones dependent on him to run no avoidable risk. So the boat's head was turned to land, and the furious gale urged her onwards with fearful speed. Yet to this the hardy men were well accustomed; and they guided her safely, so as to avoid the breaking waters, till they reached the entrance of the bay in which the town of ——— is situated, and which by this time presented an appalling spectacle indeed to those who knew their only chance of life lay through those furious and foaming waters.

Still they held on their course, and the little vessel rode gallantly; five minutes more of their swift and perilous career, and the harbor would have been gained. But it was not so to be. Rapidly they neared a dark and dangerous reef of rocks in the middle of the bay. Vainly were strength, and skill, and energy exerted to turn the little vessel from the fearful barrier ahead; the whole force of the Northern Ocean, in its wildest mood, was opposed to their efforts; a mighty wave carried them almost on to the reef; and as the bark heeled over on the returning surge, another and another sweep into her: one smothered shriek—and she is gone!

Those on shore—oh with what [illegible] had watched the gallant but unequal struggle; and now a wild scream arose from many voices, and above all was heard the despairing cry of the young wife—so soon to be a widow—as she sank insensible on the shore. But the boat rises!—she has righted! No: she rises indeed, but keel uppermost; and where are they, so lately straining every manly sinew, and flushed with the struggle for dear life? Twice the waves carry under the devoted bark; but she rises again; and oh! this time there are living forms clinging to her keel!—and three strong men are seen supporting their helpless and insensible old father. By this time a small boat, manned by two noble-hearted fellows, who have ventured in the face of almost certain death, in the hope of rescuing their comrades, has neared them; the waves, too, seem pausing to contemplate their work of destruction. There is a momentary lull, during which the four men so wonderfully rescued are placed in the little boat by their deliverers, the old man to all appearance a corpse. But where is the fifth—the youngest born—the pride of his father's heart? Alas! in vain do the gallant fellows linger among the foaming breakers till every hope has fled, and their own imminent danger forces them from the spot. He is gone; and when the speedily-subsiding waters (for the storm did not last above four hours) permitted a search to be made for the boat, a corpse was found, wrapped in the sail as in a winding-sheet. He had evidently made a gallant struggle for life; for a clasp knife was found clenched in his dying grasp, and the sail was partly ripped open; but its deadly folds had encircled him too firmly, and the choking waters did the rest.

I heard a lamentable account of the despair of the poor young widow, thus deprived of the companion of her life, and the sole means of support for herself and her three infants, and I was anxious to visit her; but my trusty Jean, whom I had despatched with offers of service to the bereaved family, dissuaded me from it.

"Eh, mem," she said, "dinna gang, dinna gang. She kens maistly naebody, puir thing, and it's awfu' to see her greet; and she's whiles no sensible forby, and canna thole onybody near her."

So I waited to hear that the first violence of her despair had worn itself out, for I very much doubted my own powers of consolation; and who but One, indeed, *could* console in such grief as here? However, after a time, I heard she had been partly brought to her senses by the illness of her baby, who, deprived of its natural sustenance by the blow that had shaken the very heart-strings of its poor mother, had been at the point of death. However, it was now better; and the young widow, recalled to the consciousness that there existed yet a greater depth of anguish than that in which her reason had almost forsaken her, became calmer and more composed, at least in outward appearance; and hearing this, I set out one day, about three weeks after the fatal accident, to visit her.

It was in the beginning of December; yet the weather in this fitful climate takes no heed of the ancient division of the seasons, and the day was bright and balmy as in early spring. It seems to me as if nature had assigned to these northern regions as many fine days, or nearly so, during the year, as fall to the portion of happier climates; but they are in some mysterious manner so strangely jumbled, that many a wintry day chills us in the midst of summer, while those belonging to a more genial season sometimes make their appearance unexpectedly among the blasts and frosts of autumn or winter. One of these stray children of summer was gilding and beautifying the wild country through which I had to pass, on my way to the little fishing town of ———. The level beams of a December sun threw a rich golden light over a large extent of bare but highly cultivated country; the plough was merrily a-field among the stubble, the lark was singing high in the clear air, and the smoke ascended from many a humble hearth, and scarcely wavered in its upward course, while the scene was bounded by the blue and waveless ocean, dotted here and there with a white sail; and in the far distance, the outline of the hills of Caithness stood out sharp and defined against the cloudless sky. As I neared the sea, and caught a fuller view of the coast, the whole of the Moray Firth opened before me in a panorama scarcely to be surpassed on British shores. But I thought little of these familiar scenes as I drove on; my thoughts were bent on the errand I had undertaken; and as I slowly descended the precipitous road leading to the picturesque seaport of ———, I tried to arrange in my mind a few consolatory sentences, feeling all the while how ineffectual my own happy experience would render aught I could say to soothe such sorrow as I was about to witness—for heart must speak to heart in grief; and if the corresponding chord have not been awakened in our own bosom, it is in vain we strive to calm the throb of anguish which vibrates to agony in the breast of another. So I resolved to speak only the words that should suggest themselves at the moment, and to attempt nothing more.

The little town of ——— is very remarkably situated; nestling, as it were, under high and beetling crags, which scarcely leave room for the cottages of the fishermen to stand, dotted here and there in picturesque confusion, under the precipitous cliff. The one to which I bent my steps, stood on a high bank leading up from a terrace bulwark, which had been built to resist the encroachments of the mighty waters, now slumbering, with scarce a ripple on their surface, in the broad bay before me. As I turned to ascend some steps leading to the door, I saw a gathering of many persons, and ropes, nets, fishing-boots and gear of that description lying on the green, round which the crowd had assembled, talking earnestly, but in subdued tones. Not thinking that this had any connection with the object of my visit, I knocked at the low door, and an elderly woman, the mother of the dead man, appeared.

"Eh, mem, but it's real gude o' you to come and see us in our sorrow—come ben to the fire;" and she busied herself in placing a chair for me in the kitchen, where a peat fire, burning in an open *lum*, which allowed more than half the smoke to find its way into the room, rendered it so dark, that I had seated myself before I perceived, close to me in the "ingle neuk," the figure apparently of a young girl, who, loosely wrapped in a dark blue bed-gown, with her long dark hair half concealing her face, was sitting on a low stool, and holding a little infant in her arms, over which she was murmuring a faint sound that might have been a fragment of song.

I started at finding myself unexpectedly so close to another person, and the girl fixed a pair of large dark eyes steadfastly upon me for a moment, and then dropping her head again on her bosom, resumed her low chant. I turned to the woman who was standing near me, and said, "I called to see poor Jessie—how is she?"

"'Deed an' it's a sair day wi' her the day—No but a' days are sair and heavy noo; but ye see they're roupin' puir Geordie's bits o' nets an' siclike, an' it aye brings back the sorrow upon her."

"Can I see her?" I said.

"Surely, mem, surely. *She's there out-by?*"

An indescribable feeling came over me, as I turned to the poor creature, and again met her steadfast gaze. I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat told me the attempt would be vain; and for a moment nothing was heard in the cottage but that low *crooning* sound—the wail of a broken heart.

"She's quite quiet, noo, mem, an' sensible," said the mother, who I fancied attributed my emotion to fear of the poor creature. "She hasna grat ony sin' the bairnie took ill; but she's a hantle beter noo;" and then I saw that the poor baby was attempting to find the nourishment of which its mother's agony had deprived it.

"She is a healthy-looking little baby," I said, feeling I must say *something*, and taking the tiny hand in mine, "how old is she?"

"Ten weeks, mem. She was seven weeks the day her father went."

Another glance from those dark eyes; but no sound except the low moaning song.

"It is a heavy trial, indeed," I said, speaking more to my own thoughts than to those near me. "A heavy and bitter trial; but she will have her children to look to, and she will not want for friends;" and I felt at the moment, as if I could almost have gone down to the deep myself to have given back to that poor creature [illegible]

"No, mem, that winna be: she winna want while puir Geordie's auld father an' mither hae a pickle meal to gie her. But trouble's sair for the likes o' her, but twenty-one years of age—it's sair e'en upon me, the mither o' him: but I hae been a fisher's daughter, an' sister, an' wife, an' mither; an' in fifty-three years I hae lost father, an' brithers, an' friends by the sea—an' noo my bairn, my youngest"—and here two tears rolled down her brown and wrinkled cheeks, but she heeded them not, and continued—"An' I'm *used* to the trouble; but it maun be sair upon her at the first."

No look this time—no sign that she took the slightest interest in words which, in their touching simplicity, called forth irrepressible tears from me—only that ceaseless song.

"Sore, indeed," I said at last. "But He who afflicts will comfort in His own good time."

"Ay will He, mem; an' He does; an' I hae proved it to my comfort, an' I hope to my saul's guid," said the old woman, reverently. "An' He has blessed us in this, in giving us our puir Geordie's corp. We hae laid him in the kirkyard, by our ain folk, an' that's muckle to think o'; for it's sair when ye canna think o' them that's gane as at rest; and when the broad sea itsel' seems a' like a grave."

What could I say to this? Would it not have been vain indeed to offer consolation to one who knew so well where to find it for herself; and in the depths of her own earnest and pious spirit, has found words, so poetical in their unaffected simplicity, with which to express her feelings? So in the hope of at length rousing the poor stricken creature beside me, I asked for the other children.

"The lassie's awa' at her aunt's, mem, but Geordie's near by the house: puir wee Geordie, he's gotten the name o' his father!"

The old woman went to the door, and returned with a tiny, curly-headed child—the eldest of the three—who was crying silently; but evidently from some deep feeling.

"What is't, Geordie, my wee man?" said the grandmother—for the mother never even raised her eyes.

A burst of sobbing was the only reply for some minutes; and at last, one by one struggled out the words—"Muckle Willie's awa'—wi' daddie's claes—an' he says—they're no daddie's noo—an' he's gaun to keep 'em!"

I could not stand this; so hurriedly thrusting the trifle I had brought for the relief of the poor creatures into the cold hand that hung passively near me with a murmured "God bless and comfort you all"—for I could not trust myself to speak—I found myself in the fresh air, and tears came to my relief.

Oh, blessed be His name who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless! Were it not for this hope, how could the heart even *know* of such misery, and not break?

Selected Poetry.

PEACE.

(The following acrostic on Peace was written on Long Island, N. Y., in 1815, immediately on the arrival of the news of Peace between the United States and Great Britain. It was printed in a New England newspaper. It is now naturally called to mind by the ratification of peace between the United States and Mexico, by the celebration of peace in Philadelphia, and especially by the word PEACE made luminous on some of the public buildings.—*North American.*

P

PEACE! How charming is the sound!
Peace desired now is found,
Peace with nations, happy peace,
Peace on earth shall still increase.

E

Earth which once was whelmed with flood,
Earth which drank the warrior's blood,
Earth rejoice in peace again,
Earth with heaven shall sing its reign.

A

Angels may assist our song,
Angels will the praise prolong,
Angels anthemed peace on earth,
Angels sung the Saviour's birth.

C

Christ descended from above;
Christ inclined by boundless love,
Christ hath bound old Satan's head;
Christ our peace with God hath made.

E

Endless peace with endless love,
Endless joy in heaven above;
Endless as the angel's songs;
Endless praise to God belongs.

☞ An Irishman, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out: "Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it." This reminds us of a printer from the country on his coming to work in a city office, and wishing to light the gas, asking the foreman if he would "show him how to touch off them candlesticks."

TRUE LOVE.—"My darling, will you take a little of the—a—the stuffing?"

"I will, dear, if you do; but if you don't, I won't."—*Punch.*

Original Tales.

THE PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Had you seen those two men as they sat down together, you would have thought they had been old friends for twenty years.

The stranger told his story in a few words, for he saw by the business appearance of the office that it was no place for long speeches, and the Commissioner listened attentively.

"And where is the poor woman now?" he questioned, when the man paused in his narrative.

"She is here waiting in the street—I brought her with me."

"I will see her myself; one minute, and I am ready."

The Commissioner took up his hat, crossed the room, spoke a few words to the woman who sat weeping on the sofa, told an old man who stood waiting by the door, that he would return in a very few minutes and attend to him, then with a light, active step he left the room, followed by the stranger.

They found Mrs. Chester in the carriage, grasping the cushion beneath her head with both hands, and muttering wildly to herself. The last few hours had brought her disease into its most malignant state. She was incapable of a single connected thought.

The Commissioner stepped into the carriage, and helped to arrange the cushions.

"She is delirious; it is the fever. Typhus, I should think, in its worst form," he said. "She must have prompt care."

"She must, indeed," replied the stranger. "The noise, the hot sun, all are making her worse."

"And you do not know her name?"

"No; she has muttered over several names, but I could not tell which was hers."

"Nor her home, of course?"

"No; I found her in the street as I have told you."

"It is strange. She seems like an American—but she must be cared for, at any rate. It seems a pity to send her to the Hospital, but I can do no better."

"You will send her there!" exclaimed the stranger, joyfully.

The policeman talked of the place they call the Tombs."

"No, no, she is no person for that, I am certain," exclaimed the Commissioner. "I only wish we had the power of doing more than can be expected at [illegible] no worse place than that."

"Oh, thank you!" said the stranger gratefully.

"I will write out an order of admission, with a few lines to the resident physician at Bellevue. Nothing more can be done, I am afraid."

"Oh, that is a great deal—every thing, in fact—of course she will have every care in an institution where you have control."

The Commissioner looked grave, but did not answer that over the Bellevue Hospital his power was merely a name—that he could grant supplies, and give directions, but having no real authority whatever over subordinates appointed by the Common Council, those orders could be disobeyed at pleasure, and the supplies used at discretion. He did not say that, while the Mayor had absolute power over nine hundred men, for whom he was scarcely responsible, he, with a more important trust, and where the interest of five thousand poor was concerned, could not, for the most flagrant misconduct, discharge the lowest man about the department of which he was the bonded and responsible head. Had this been otherwise, the scenes we are about to describe at that Hospital had never existed as they in solemn truth have existed within the remembrance of the writer.

"Will you, sir, you who have done so much," said the Commissioner, anxiously, "will you conduct her yourself to Bellevue? The van will go up soon, but there are several persons to be sent up, and she does not seem of the usual class."

"I will go with her, of course," replied the stranger, resuming his seat in the carriage with benevolent alacrity, while the Commissioner returned to his office and hastily wrote a letter to the resident physician, beseeching him to bestow especial care on the unknown patient who seemed so ill, and so completely alone in the world.

The Commissioner had been in his office several hours after seeing the carriage drive away, when there entered two little girls, hand in hand, who stood timidly at the door, frightened by the number of persons present. The contrast between these children—the singular beauty of one, the still more remarkable deformity of the other, struck the Commissioner forcibly. He felt his eyes bent upon them while speaking to another person, and the moment he was disengaged, beckoned the little girls toward him. There was something in the beautiful face of the taller but evidently youngest child, that reminded him of the sick woman he had sent away but a few hours before.

The children came up and he could then see that both had been weeping. The little deformed girl went close to him, for poor Isabella was beginning to cry again. Tears were in the little girl's voice as she related the sad events that had brought them at last to the Commissioner's office in search of the mother who had wandered away in her delirium, no one could tell how or where. Kindly and gently the Commissioner questioned her regarding the home they had left, and the means of support that existed for them. He learned all the desolation that death had left. The poverty from which that poor woman had unconsciously fled. Then with kind and encouraging words he told the children where the mother and benefactor might be found.

Oh, the wild, the bitter joy of that moment. She was alive—alive! They should see her again—stand by her bed side. She would look at them—speak to them. They clung to each other, the sobs they could not suppress, filled the room. The Poor House. They were going to the Poor House! What was that to them. She was there, and with her they could lie down and sleep once more. It was better thus. The landlord had taken possession of their home. They told him to keep the scant furniture, every thing they had, and after that the home of those poor children was the street. The Poor House. It had a pleasant sound to them. That was a home from which no landlord could send them forth.

"You will not let them take us away from her—we may all stay together?" said Mary.

The Commissioner mused, it was unusual, but he resolved to request the superintendent that these children might not be taken from Bellevue until the mother should be pronounced out of danger—or should be no more. He wrote to this effect, and with his own hands placed the children in the stage that was to convey them to Bellevue.

The carriage which bore Mrs. Chester to the only home left to her, paused before the gates at Bellevue, the gloomy and prison like buildings loomed in heavy and sombre masses, before the stranger, as he leaned from the carriage to deliver his order to the gate keeper. The Hospital with its walls of dark stone, blackened by age, the wings sweeping out, and the main building lowering above the massive walls, all struck him with a feeling of gloom. It seemed like a prison that he was entering. The Hospitals were drear to him, and the dull heavy atmosphere seemed full of contagion. He looked at the poor creature thus unconsciously brought there, perhaps to die, and his heart swelled with compassion.

The gate swung open, and down a paved causeway leading to the water, bounded on one side by a high stone wall, and on the other by a bakery and various workshops belonging to the institutions, the carriage was driven. The wharf in which this causeway terminated, was full of lounging inmates, some attempting to fish in the turbid water, others leaning half asleep against the wall, and others grouped together, not in conversation, but lounging lazily in the sunshine.

Before it reached this wharf the carriage turned and was driven through an iron studded gate in the wall, to an open and paved court that ran along the front of the main Alms House. The hospitals were some distance back of this building, but here the sick and dying must be brought first, for their names were to be registered in the Alms House books before they could be permitted to die in peace.

As the carriage drove in, up came the swarm of idlers from the wharf, dragging themselves heavily along, and laughing stupidly at the ponderous gambols and grimaces of a huge idiot boy, who, on seeing a new arrival, rolled rather than walked up from the water with his hand extended, and crying out—money—money. It was all the language the poor creature possessed. He had learned to beg, and that was knowledge enough for him. In every thing else he was the merest animal that crawled the earth. Yet this uncouth lad the other paupers followed as they would a dog or any tame creature, whose gambols broke the monotony of their idleness.

Up came this idiot boy to the carriage, leering in upon its suffering inmate and rolling from side to side, with his hand out, and mumbling that one word over and over between his heavy lips; and up came the gang of paupers, gazing in also with stupified curiosity.

It was well for Jane Chester that she could neither see nor hear all this—that the fever had grown strong enough to shut out all the real world to her heated senses! As it was, the sight of those miserable objects did create a new and more harrowing pain. She began to murmur of the torment to which she had been consigned—of the strange, heavy fiends so unwieldy and coarse that had taken her in charge. Every event of that fearful day was absolutely thrusting her a step nearer to the grave.

Just as the driver had dismounted from his seat and was about to open the door, the Alms House van came tumbling along the pavement and into the court with another freight of misery. Along by the carriage and nearer to the entrance rolled the ponderous black vehicle, and out from its tomb-like depths were taken forth the men and women, that an hour before had been lying so helplessly on the benches at the Commissioner's office.

One by one these poor creatures were carried up the steps, and after them rolled the idiot, calling out—money, money—as if the emigrants whom England consigns to our charity, had anything but their own miserable life to give away.

And now with the heat, the noise, and the motion of the carriage, our poor invalid became almost frantic; she struggled with the stranger—she called wildly for Chester—and would have cast herself headlong to the pavement, for in her hallucination she fancied that the pauper gang were carrying away her husband.

They bore her into the Alms House in a fit of momentary exhaustion.

Her name and history was a blank in the Alms House books. Her lips were speechless—her [illegible]—nameless, homeless; and thus was she there registered.

And now came two men to bear her to the Hospital—one was old with grey hairs, who tottered beneath his burdens; and the other a pale lad, who had just recovered from the fever. Out through the back entrance down a flight of steps into the hot sunshine, again they bore the helpless woman, her garments sweeping the pavement, and her pale hand sometimes striking the stones as they passed along.

But there was no bed for her yet; another registering was to be made. In the Hospital office a pauper clerk had charge; and to his investigation the invalid must be consigned. He was no physician certainly; but the Hospital was divided into wards—each ward having its own class of diseases—and it was this man's prerogative to decide what particular malady afflicted each patient, and to assign the proper ward. The two men placed Mrs. Chester in a chair, and the stranger stood behind it supporting her head upon his arm.

The clerk had entered the blank order upon his books, and now came forward to examine the patient.

"Put out your tongue!" the order was given in a peremptory tone, worthy the captain of a Down East militia company. Poor Mrs. Chester—she opened her wild eyes and looked at the man. "Your tongue, woman! open your mouth—don't you hear?"

Jane Chester unclosed her parched lips, and revealed her tongue; the edges red, as if they had been dipped in blood—and down the centre, like an arrow, lay the disinterred incrustations of fever.

The clerk shook his head and laid his hand upon the low and sinking pulse.

"Low, very low. Just gone of consumption—no doubt of it—Phthisis pulmonales—a bad case—very. Take her into the wing!"

"I should doubt—if you are not a physician, sir," said the stranger, mildly, "I should venture to doubt, if this lady is not suffering from fever—not half an hour ago, her pulse could hardly be counted; now you fear that each beat will be the last! Those terrible changes—do they bespeak consumption?"

"I have pronounced upon her case!" replied the clerk, "but it makes no difference. Let her go to the fever ward. If the doctor don't agree with your opinion, sir, she can be sent to the wing!"

"She requires prompt care!" interposed the stranger, "I am no physician."

"Then you are not an M. D.," cried the clerk, with a look of annoyance that he should have yielded to anything less than a professional man.

"No, but it is quite certain that all this moving about from place to place is killing the poor lady. She requires the greatest tranquility, I am sure!"

"Well, well, remove her to number ten," said the clerk, addressing the persons who had brought Mrs. Chester in. "The doctor will see to her when he goes his rounds!"

The two men raised Mrs. Chester in their arms, and carried her up a flight of broad stairs, and through a neighboring passage, till the stranger, who looked earnestly after them, could no longer see the faint struggle with which she sought to free herself, or hear the moan which broke the name of Chester, as it trembled on her pallid lips.

The stranger drew a deep breath as she disappeared, and turned back to the office greatly oppressed by all that he saw. The clerk was leaning back in his chair, drumming with his fingers upon the seat. Living in the very atmosphere of misery, he felt but little of the painful compassion—the mingled horror and pity which almost overwhelmed that benevolent stranger.

"You are sure, quite sure, that this poor lady will be well cared for," said the kind man, addressing the clerk. "Here is money, I would give more, but being some distance from home I may require all that I have—see that she wants for no little comfort that can be bought!"

The clerk's eye brightened as he saw the money.

"Oh, be sure, sir, she shall have every care."

"I have a letter for the resident physician—where can he be found?"

"Oh, he has just started for the island in his boat. The Mayor and his family, with some friends, dine at the Insane Asylum, and he has gone with them. You might have seen his yellow flag on the water as you came in."

"And when will he return to the Hospital?"

"Oh, in a day or two; his rooms are in the other building, but he usually walks over the wards once or twice a week!"

"Once or twice a week! Why I heard that the ship fever was raging here. That the hospitals were crowded, and many of your doctors sick!"

"Well, no one disputes that, the hospitals are crowded—half the patients are on the floor now, and some of the assistants are sick enough!"

"And your resident physician only passes through these hospitals once or twice a week—who attends to the patients?"

"Oh, the young doctors, of course!"

"And are they experienced men?"

"Some of them are graduates, almost half, I should think."

"And the rest?"

"Why, all have studied a year or two."

"And do these men—who have only studied a year or two, students yet—prescribe for the patients?"

"Certainly, why not? They must begin sometime, you know."

"And will this poor woman, laboring as she is under an acute disease, be placed under the care of a mere student?"

The clerk mused before he answered. "Let me see, number ten—yes, young Fowlief has charge there. It is his turn in the fever ward. He has never graduated, I believe."

"And has he had no practice among fevers?"

"Oh, yes, he has been three days in number ten, and one sees a good deal of fever in three days, I can tell you."

The stranger turned away sick at heart.

"Let me see," he said, in a broken voice, "let me see the nurse who is to take care of the person I brought here."

The clerk called to a lame pauper who was limping through the building, and ordered him to call the nurse from number ten. The old man went with difficulty up the stairs that led from the hall, and soon returned, followed by a stout and dissipated looking woman of forty, who still retained in her swollen features traces of intelligence and early refinement that redeemed them in some degree from positive brutality.

A look of fierce and settled discontent lay on this woman's features, which was aggravated by the dress of dark blue that fell scant and ill shaped around her portly figure, and was fastened tightly over the bosom with a succession of coarse horn buttons that but half filled the yawning button-holes.

This woman approached the stranger with a dogged and sullen air.

"Is it you that wants me?" she said, looking restlessly at him. "The man said somebody wanted to see the nurse!"

"And is this woman a nurse to the sick. Is she to have the charge of this poor lady?" questioned the stranger, turning to the clerk.

"That is the nurse, and I hope she suits you, for you seem hard to please in anything," answered the clerk, crustily. "She is one of the best women in the Hospital, at any rate!"

The stranger turned his mild eyes upon the woman with a grave and pained look.

"I sent to ask your kindness for the poor lady that has just been carried to your ward," he said, "of course you are well paid by the city; but I am willing to reward you for extra care in this case!"

"Well paid by the city!" cried the woman, with a fierce and sneering laugh, "oh, yes, hard work and prison fare at the Penitentiary—harder work and pauper fare when they send us here for nurses. That is the pay we get from the corporation for nursing here in the fever. If we die there is a scant shroud, a pine coffin and potter's field. That is our pay, sir!" and the woman folded her arms, laughing low and dismally.

"The Penitentiary, what does she mean?" inquired the stranger, greatly shocked.

"Oh they come from the Penitentiary, these nurses," said the clerk. "The corporation have to support the prisoners, you know, and the hospitals all get their help by law from Blackwell's Island."

"And is this woman a prisoner?"

"A prisoner, to be sure I am—you don't take me for a Poor House woman, I hope," cried the nurse—"I haven't got to that yet—nobody can say that I was contemptible enough to come here of my own accord."

There was something too horrible in all this.—The stranger sat down and drew out his purse with a suppressed groan.

"Here," he said, giving some money to the woman, "this will pay you for a little kindness to the poor lady. In the name of that God who has afflicted her, see that she has proper care."

The woman's face softened. For one instant some remnant of half-forgotten pride made her hesitate to take the money, but this was soon conquered, and she reached forth her hand clutching the money eagerly.

"I will take care of the lady, sir, never fear," she said; and for the moment, she really intended to perform her promise.

"Do, and when you lie ill as she does, God be merciful to you as you are to her!" said the stranger, solemnly, and taking his hat he went forth with a sad countenance. Gently, and like one of those angels that visit us unawares, this man entered upon the pages of our story—nameless, unknown, but meek in his Heavenly charity, he disappeared from the Alms House, and those whom he had aided never saw him again.

CHAPTER XII.

And poor Mrs. Chester, half dying, and quite insensible, was borne into the fever ward of that close and crowded Hospital. Number ten was a large airy room, capable of holding twenty patients with comparative comfort, but now the fever was raging fiercely. Near six hundred sick crowded those gloomy walls, and in the room where twenty persons might have been almost comfortable, eighty poor creatures were crowded and huddled together, breathing the infected air over and over again till their struggling lungs were poisoned and saturated with the deadly atmosphere. Close together, along the walls, were ranged the narrow wooden cots, with their straw beds, and coverings of coarse cotton check. And close together on those contracted couches—the meagre causeway from which many of those poor creatures were lifted to a pauper's grave, the patients were huddled, suffering in all stages of that fierce and terrible disease, the malignant typhus.

There the sufferers lay,—their death couches jostling, the hot poison of their breaths mingling together, and spreading a dank miasma from bed to bed.

Some were in the first creeping stages of the disease, flattering themselves that it was only a little cold they had taken—others were shivering with the cold and deathly chill that glides like the icy trail of a serpent down the back; the limbs aching as with travel, toil, and the brain literally on fire with the settling poison; others were fierce and mad with delirium—within a few hours their faces, their breasts and arms had turned of a dull copper color, the strongest and unmistakable sign of that most deadly form which typhus can take, the malignant ship fever. The poor creatures rolled to and fro on their narrow couches, tearing out the straw with their hot and quivering fingers, or twisting the soiled sheets with a feeble and shaking grasp. Some were calling for water, and praying in piteous tones for mountains of ice, cold bright ice to fall down and bury them.

Others were still further advanced in the terrible disease, and lay with the last heavy clouds of delirium resting upon the brain like a floating mist. Pale, emaciated and motionless—these spoke in faint whispers of the husbands and children whom they had left, it seemed to them years before, and of whom they faintly pleaded for tidings. Oh, it was piteous to see those that, weaker still, lay more helpless than infants. The tears rolling mournfully from their meek eyes, and unable to utter the enquiries that kept their white lips in constant motion but gave to them no sound.

More than one lay in the death throe stretched back upon the one meagre pillow, their hands groping in the air, and their glazed eyes rolled upward to the ceiling while the under jaw dropped lower, lower—leaving the mouth half open never to be closed again.

And one lay dead upon her couch—stiffening there unheeded. The God of heaven only knowing at what moment the breath left her body.

Scant and miserable as were those pauper beds, enough for all to die upon could not be found at the Hospital, so blankets had been cast upon the floor and upon them were laid the sick, till the whole ward was completely littered with human misery. Over this scene came the glaring daylight, for to the windows were neither blinds nor shutters, nothing but a square of gingham through which the sunshine poured upon the aching eyes of the sick.

They laid Mrs. Chester among those who moaned and writhed upon the floor. Nothing but the rough folds of a blanket lay between her delicate limbs and the hard boards—amid the moans of pain, the ravings of delirium, and the faint death rattle that rose and swelled upon the horrid atmosphere they laid her down. The student physician had

been his rounds that day, and so she was left to the care of the nurses. Then she remained quite unconscious of the horrors that surrounded her, till the nurse came back from her interview with the benevolent stranger. This woman grasped the money in her palm and the touch seemed to give a glow of animal pleasure to her features as she threaded her way through the prostrate sick.

A woman some years younger than herself, but with less of character in her face, stood near the door. She approached this woman and softly unclosing her hand revealed the money.

"What! there have but two *died* to-day, and you did not find that about *them*. I searched thoroughly myself and neither of them had a cent."

"Never mind where it came *from*. You shall have a share before to-morrow comes, but remember I have got to work for it *yet*. Where is the woman they just brought in?"

"What, the slender woman, with all that beautiful hair, she is somewhere about here, on the floor, I believe!"

"She must have a cot, I am determined on it," said the elder nurse, resolutely. "Those who pay us shall be first served," and the woman threaded her way through the prostrate sick searching eagerly for Mrs. Chester. "Yes, here she is sure enough, talking softly to herself—now let us see what can be done about a bed."

The women moved from cot to cot, gazing on the inmates, not with pity, she was used to their moans, but eagerly searching for a bed that promised soon to be empty. Her eyes fell upon the corpse that lay within a few paces of Mrs. Chester, and she approached the cot with gleeful alacrity, saying to her companion, "Oh, here is an empty bed, I thought it would not be long before we found something for her to lie on besides the floor. Go and call Crofts!"

The younger nurse went out, and directly there came two men into the ward bearing a rude pine coffin between them. They trod heavily along the floor, knocking the coffin now and then against a cot till it jarred the helpless inmate, and thus they carried it down the whole length of the ward. They deposited the rude thing within half a ward of the blanket on which Mrs. Chester lay, and then went out, leaving the women to relieve the bed of its mournful burden. The younger nurse had brought with her a scant shroud, of the coarsest muslin, and there in the midst of the sick, one of the women put this grave garment on, while the other stealthily searched in the bosom of the corpse and under the pillow for any little valuable that the poor woman might have hoarded in her death bed. After groping about awhile the young woman drew forth her hand with a low chuckle. It contained a bit of tissue paper soiled and crumpled in a heap. A bank note! what else could it be? The two women looked at the paper and their eyes gleamed. It was not often that they found bank notes about the Bellevue paupers! How they longed to examine it then and there! But the sick were not all insensible, and the young woman thrust the treasure into her bosom, whispering as she stooped down to smooth the shroud,

"By and by—*of course* we go halves to-day!"

"That is fair and above board!" replied the other, folding the arms of the dead upon the pulseless bosom they had robbed, "there now, call in the men!"

Again those two men came tramping heavily among the sick. There was some bustle and a little joking as they placed the pauper corpse in its pine coffin, and when they bore it out one of the men enquired in a voice that might have been heard half over the room, if there was much chance of their being wanted again within an hour or two.

The older nurse looked around upon the cots, and answered that it was very likely, but that the next coffin must be longer—at least four inches longer;

The two women followed the coffin out, and when quite alone in the passage, they fell to examining the value of their prize.

"There must be two bills," said the younger, beginning to unfold the little parcel, "what if each of them should be a five, now?"

But those words were followed by a short and scornful laugh, accompanied by an oath, that most fearful thing on the lips of a woman. The scrap of soiled tissue paper unfolded a lock of grey hair and only that, a lock perhaps of the father's hair whom the poor emigrant had left behind her in old Ireland. This was the prize those two harpies were so eager to divide.

"Never mind, mine is here all in hard chink!" said the older nurse, striking her bosom. "Here will be enough, with what the doctor allows for the patients, to give us one glorious night. Just help me lift the woman into bed, and then slide round to the consumption wards and across the way—or what's better, whisper a word to Crofts, and ask him to come; we'll make the old shanty shake again before midnight."

The young woman, after appeasing her disappointment by casting the lock of hair upon the floor, and grinding it fiercely beneath her heavy shoe, became somewhat consoled. But she sullenly expressed a determination to find her share of the drink, if she were obliged to rob every patient in the ward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Army Story.

AN AMERICAN SENTINEL.

A Tennessee volunteer has lately written a book about the Mexican War, in which he tells the following story—showing how a party of officers, who had been off to a Mexican fandango, were received by the sentinel:

"On the picket guard, at the pass that night, was, among others, one of company G, whose name was Betts. Now, Betts was a small man with an intelligent countenance, keen eye, and pleasant appearance; fond of a joke, and prided himself, at all times, in performing strictly the duties of a soldier in every particular. He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard mentioned before; and, as this party was approaching, he was walking the narrow pass to and fro with his loaded carbine at a support. His comrades were at a little distance, soundly asleep around the guard fire, for the night was cold. The officer of the guard had, against the line of his duty, left the picket, and gone into the tents of the camp guard, as said before, about half a mile. The white rows of tents shone in the moonlight beyond; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep. Betts heard the sound of the horses' hoofs of the coming party, before he saw them. He stood erect. They came nearer, two lieutenants in front. 'Who comes there?' he challenged, in a quick, loud and distinct voice, that brought them to a halt in an instant. 'Friends,' was the reply. 'Halt! Advance, friends, and give the countersign!' 'We have not got it. You know us; I am Lieutenant Smith, acting adjutant, and——' 'Halt, and remain where you are,' quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion towards the lock of his carbine. The two were astonished; while the colonel, behind, hearing this, was much amused, and drew his horse up, to see it out. The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and what that was they knew not. Colonel Thomas knew Betts by his voice, and, besides, could, in the moonlight, see him plainly; and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders. After a pause of some moments in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign, he advanced up to their side. 'Mr. Betts,' said he, 'I am pleased to see you so prompt and decided in your discharge of duty, and, I trust, the lesson will not be lost on these officers; for officers should set an example of military discipline to the soldiers. Let these gentlemen in; and depend upon it, we think much more of you for your firmness.' 'Have you the countersign?' said the sentinel to him, in reply to this. 'The countersign—no!—it is not necessary for me to have it. You know me; I'm your colonel.' 'You can't go in,' said the sentinel, as he drew himself up erect before them. 'Look at me,' said the colonel, as he advanced out of the shade of some mesquit bushes, on the side of the road, into the bright moonlight, that played and glistened on his large epaulettes, his broad gold lace, and the gilt head and scabbard of his sword. 'Don't you know me now, Mr. Betts?' The sentinel coolly surveyed him and his horse. 'I might know you in the day time, but now I do not know you; you cannot go in; remain where you are.' 'But we must go in,' said all, as they advanced their horses up—'there will be no harm—' Quickly the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his thumb upon the lock, and his finger on the trigger, and called out, —'Stop! you are near enough!'—and stop they did; there was danger in proceeding. 'Here is a pretty end to a frolic,' said the adjutant, and the colonel looked stern with vexation. They turned their horses' heads together, and held a consultation. 'Where is the officer of the guard?' said the colonel to the sentinel, who now had turned, walking back and forth across the pass before them, and who showed no disposition for conversation. 'Gone into the camp,' was the reply. 'Well, send after him, then.' 'Should like to accommodate you, gentlemen, but can't leave my post.'

"Here, then, was a predicament. They dismounted, and sat on the ground, holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard. The night was cool; the wind was, and had been the whole day, from the North. They tried to laugh, but they were too cold. They pleaded earnestly with the sentinel, but it was of no avail; for he, pacing his interval, would talk no more. In about two hours (which seemed ten to them) the officer of the guard, who had been down at the camp guard fire, enjoying himself finely, thinking that it was time to relieve Betts, came up, and was astonished to find the colonel, adjutant and a lieutenant sitting on the ground, in the cold, without even a blanket, shivering as though they had the ague. He let them in at once; and they were glad to get to their tents and cover themselves with blankets. In the morning, when meeting Betts in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to the colonel's recollection his previous order, that 'no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign.'"

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

Fraser's Magazine, for July, contains an article upon the battle of Buena Vista. According to this article, the success of the Americans was owing to their animal courage, and the want of "common manliness" on the part of the Mexicans. The writer closes his article with a general summing up, as follows:

The battle of Buena Vista presents many curious points of study to the military reader. First, it proves that superiority in numbers and discipline, if unbacked by animal courage, is of no avail when pitted against however small a force possessing bravery alone. Had the Mexicans exhibited but common *manliness*, the weight of their columns must have *pushed* the enemy from their position. The American general exhibited an utter want of skill in selecting even the strong position of Buena Vista in preference to remaining within the walls of Saltillo (a town capable of affording a strong defence), and there waiting the attack of Santa Anna's army. Although the immediate flanks of Taylor's line were protected in some degree by the nature of the country, there were still many practicable passes by which the enemy could outflank him and gain his rear; and this was actually effected early in the battle. With his small force he was unable to detach a sufficient body of troops to cover these points, and at ten different periods during the day the Mexicans were attacking him in front, flank, and rear, with overwhelming numbers.

As at Monterey, at Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, Taylor proved himself to be a *brave soldier* but *no general*; and although it is certain that the gallant little American army did all men could do in the way of fighting, yet their victory must be attributed more to the downright cowardice and incapacity of Santa Anna and his officers, than to the superior skill of their own general, or even their own undeniable and obstinate courage and endurance.

Of the Mexican troops it is almost unnecessary to speak. The Mexican soldier does not possess, in any degree, a single spark of what we understand by the word *courage*; but, like all uncivilised men, has that indifference to the fear of death which would enable him to face perils of any kind, if led by officers in whom he places the slightest confidence. The extraordinary successes of the Americans during the present war have resulted entirely from their superiority in courage, and in this alone; for there has scarcely been one action fought, from the Palo Alto to the capture of the city of Mexico, in which the American generals have not exhibited the most thorough ignorance of skilful tactics, and the most perfect contempt of military manœuvre; and, depending entirely upon the known bravery of the troops under their command, all their successes have been gained at an immense sacrifice of human life.

We have quoted the above because we thought it might be interesting to our readers to see what one of the leading English Magazines (a moderate Tory one) has to say upon the American successes, and also to make one or two remarks upon it.

The fault found with Taylor, that he exhibited an "utter want of skill" in choosing Buena Vista in preference to remaining within the walls of Saltillo, reminds us of the objection that was at one time made by the old Prussian officers to Bonaparte. "Confound the fellow," they would say, after a defeat, "he does not know how to fight. He should have done this and done that." But inasmuch as Bonaparte generally was victorious, the world gave him the credit of being a great captain, notwithstanding he so shocked the old Prussian generals by his adoption of tactics suitable to his purpose.

Now in relation to Taylor's course on the occasion above referred to, we may say, that if he had simply allowed himself to be cooped up in Saltillo, and acted strictly on the defensive, he would have been very prudent, in one sense, but Santa Anna would have swept by him with a large portion of his forces, cut off the American supplies, and taken possession of the whole valley of the Rio Grande. Besides, a general cannot justly be called "unskilful" because he compares the quality of his own force with that of the enemy, and takes greater risks than he would do with a superior foe. The result proved Taylor's sagacity. He knew his own men, he knew the Mexicans, and he played high for a great stake, with large chances of winning—and he won. What more did Wellington at Waterloo? What great skill, in one sense, was displayed there? The indomitable spirit and courage of the British troops won that battle, as the same qualities in the Americans won Buena Vista. And yet we have never known British writers to disparage the skill of Wellington, because he risked the issue of a most important battle upon the bull-dog courage of his troops.

It seems difficult to please some of our British friends. Scott took Vera Cruz scientifically, almost without the loss of a single man; and the English papers called him all manners of names for so doing—it was cold-blooded murder, &c., &c. In other cases he thought it most expedient to do as Wellington and other great commanders had often done before him, waste no time at such a distance from home, but carry intrenchment after intrenchment at the point of the bayonet. And now forsooth, we hear that the American Generals have exhibited "*the most thorough ignorance of skilful tactics, and the most perfect contempt of military manœuvre, gaining their successes at an immense sacrifice of human life.*" Well, suppose Scott had dilly-dallied month after month away in the unhealthy climate of Mexico, in exhibiting "skilful tactics" and "military manœuvres," how many lives would have been saved by that process? It strikes us that the best proof of truly "skilful tactics," is unvarying success. Doubtless, if the writer of the article we are commenting upon, who is probably either some pert young officer, fresh from a military school, or some old superannuated Colonel, on half pay, had been entrusted with the command of the American forces, we should now be explaining how, notwithstanding the most skilful book tactics, they were beaten in every engagement.

We once saw two children playing checkers together. One was invariably beaten, and at last, out of all patience, jumped up, declaring that he would play no longer, his antagonist made such reckless, foolish, and unaccountable moves. That child was just as sensible in his remarks as the author of the article we have been commenting upon.

GEN. CUSHING.

General Cushing seems not to be a favorite with the Massachusetts volunteers, who lately returned home in such ragged and dirty attire, it is said, as to be ashamed to leave the cars which brought them to Boston. It appears that they were furnished with better clothes, and feasted afterwards in Faneuil Hall, General Cushing being present as an invited guest. A complimentary sentiment brought the General up. The Boston Atlas says:

"This was the signal for a scene of uproar and confusion, which lasted until General Cushing got through with his speech. On rising to speak, the confusion was so great that he could not be heard. There were cries of "put him out," hisses, and other unmistakable signs of disapprobation. Cheers were called for Colonel Wright and Major Andrews. The latter officer was cheered quite heartily, and we understand he is quite a favorite with the regiment. Amid all this confusion, General Cushing stood firm and unmoved, facing the chairman. The chairman tried repeatedly to make silence, and reminded those present of the motto, "Strike, but hear." It had no effect. General Cushing, however, commenced his speech, and in a sort of dumb show got through with it. He concluded with a sentiment in honor of the memory of Major Walker and others who had died. While he was speaking, a number of the volunteers tried to leave the hall, but were prevented. The scene was one humiliating to the officer whom it was intended to disgrace and insult. The causes of it may be made public hereafter."

"The causes of it may be made public hereafter," the Atlas says. But why not make them public now? If General Cushing has merited such contemptuous treatment, it is only right the country should know it; and if he has not deserved it, justice to him demands that the cause of his unpopularity be stated. As it stands now, the public will be more apt to side with the volunteers than the General. Give us light.

IT MAY BE.

It is believed by many that the next steamship will bring news of an insurrection in Ireland—as the trials of some of the arrested were to take place shortly after the sailing of the Europa. If civil war be now raging in that oppressed and unhappy land, may Heaven prosper the right!

IRON.

Upwards of four-fifths of all the iron exported from Liverpool between the 19th of June and 19th of July, 1848, came to the United States—the amount being to the United States 15,613 tons; to all other places, 3,670 tons.

EARLY RISING.

Upon the subject of early rising, as upon almost every thing else, much wisdom has been uttered, and much folly. The old couplet,

> "Early to bed and *early to rise*,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

has been sounded, over and over again, in the ears of perhaps every person in this singularly enlightened country, who has attained to the age of seven. Doubtless the maxim is a very good one, if it be taken whole—but halved, it is not quite so good. It will do no man, woman or child good to rise early, if he or she goes to bed late—it is far better to lie late in the morning, than not to get a sufficient amount of sleep. It is amusing to hear some persons plume themselves on their superior industry to others, because they happen to be up a couple of hours sooner in the morning; having gone to bed probably four hours earlier, and thus really done two hours *less* work in the twenty-four. It is well, though, both to retire and rise early, when it can be done. Often, however, men, or rather certain classes of men, are so situated that it is impossible. And, we repeat, a far more important thing than to rise early, is to take sufficient sleep. Judge Story used to say, so we have heard, that it was not so important when a man got up, as that he was wide awake when he was up. Some men, from want of sufficient sleep, especially in the summer time, are not fully awake all day. There is a continual tendency in their brains to relapse into slumber. Through the morning, if they stop their work and sit down a moment, their heads are nodding, and after dinner sleep conquers them outright; while in the evening not the most instructive book or the most entertaining company can keep their eyes open. As a general rule, such men do not sleep long enough. If they cannot be wide awake while they pretend to be awake, with eight hours sleep, let them take ten or even twelve. Anything is better than such a stupid way of living. We have often seen husbands and wives blush to see or rather *hear* their beloved partners snoring an accompaniment to the music of the piano, or filling up with this nasal melody the pauses in a conversation. No person who pretends to refinement or good manners will allow himself, much less *herself*, to sleep in the presence of visitors. Nothing looks so stupid and ridiculous. If you cannot keep your eyes open in the parlor, either go to bed, or retire to another room till you are able to behave like a gentleman or a lady.

One of the best answers ever given was that of the boy to his father, when the latter aroused him from his sleep, with the proverb, "'Tis the early bird catches the worm." "Serves the worm right for being up before the bird," replied the boy. That boy was a sharp fellow—one of the kind that almost sleep with their eyes open; at least they seem to, for the moment you touch them, they spring up with all their wits about them.

But we intended simply to write a short preface to a poem we have received upon the subject of early rising, from one of our Pennsylvania poetesses, Mrs. Pierson—and here we are. Mrs. Pierson speaks from the card; she evidently testifies of what she knows. Early rising, it is very clear, like every thing else, has two sides. Poets generally have given the bright side; Mrs. Pierson gives what Mrs. Crowe would call the "*night side*." It is always well to hear both sides, even though it is apt, as a Dutch judge is reported to have said, "to confuse one's judgment." Mrs. Pierson says, in her letter to us, she thinks "it is time to let somebody speak who understands the subject." Hear her:

GET UP EARLY.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

> Get up early, ere the shadows
> Vanish from the wood and glen,
> Up, and breathe the noxious miasm
> Floating up from swamp and fen.
>
> Up, before the sun has risen
> And, with all-pervading light,
> Neutralized the noisome vapor,
> Gender'd by the chill, damp night.
>
> While the big, cold dew-drops tremble
> On each leaf and blade of grass,
> Up, and through green grass and clover,
> With the milk-pails shivering pass.
>
> Dress and skirt, and shoes and stockings
> Wet and draggled thus will be;
> All your garments duly dampen'd
> With the drops from shrub and tree.
>
> Sit and milk, while fogs are rising
> From the wet and boggy ground,
> Or, through putrid fens and marshes,
> Chase the kicking cows around.
>
> You may hear the early birds sing,
> Lark and robin, crow and jay,
> And no doubt a big old bull-frog
> Bellow to the rising day.
>
> Get up early! Shake off slumber—
> From your bed reluctant creep,
> Though your languid frame is longing,
> Almost, for—the dreamless sleep.
>
> Though you lay down late, o'erwearied
> With a long day's constant toil;
> Though your sick or peevish children
> Did not let you sleep at all.
>
> Get up early, and go drooping,
> Sad and languid, all day long;
> If you can—preserve your temper,
> Though your business all goes wrong.
>
> 'Tis a certain way to wealth;
> And whoever can endure it,
> May expect long life and health.

FRANCE.

The perusal of this week's news strengthens us in the impression that want—want of work, want of wages, want of food—was at the bottom of the recent outbreak in Paris, and is the cause of the deep-rooted discontent which it is evident, at present widely exists. There is something startling in the expressed determination of those "forty thousand workmen" to march to the National Assembly and demand "to be fed or shot!" A very reasonable demand that, as it strikes us. "Give us work and wages, oh ye legislators and representatives of France, or turn your guns and cannon upon us, and kill us at once. Anything is pleasanter than dying by inches under the slow, dull tooth of famine."

Other accounts that we have seen, too, from Americans in Paris, throw doubt upon the alleged fiendish cruelty of the insurrectionists. One writer says that "Death to thieves," was inscribed upon their flags. He also says that it was the National Guards that committed the excesses, tossing children over banisters with their bayonets, &c. Probably both parties committed excesses, but the most ignorant party doubtless the greatest. How difficult it is to get at the truth—something that you can engrave upon the tables of your memory, under the heading, This for a surety is the Truth.

One apparently good thing, though a rather small thing, the Assembly has recently done. A decree has been adopted, that all houses, the foundation of which shall be laid before January, 1849, shall be free from taxes for ten years, and those of workmen for fifteen. Those began since the celebrated 24th of February, to have the same privilege for five years. This may have some little effect to encourage the erection of buildings and thus give employment to those who so much need it.

It seems evident that France would now settle down in perfect order, if it were not for the wretched condition of the laboring classes, especially of Paris. If there be any possible means by which the government can alleviate the existing distress, without doing more evil than it cures, we think it is bound to employ them. That there are such means we have little doubt.

GERMANY.

The election of the Archduke John as Regent of the German Empire, appears to have been generally received with great satisfaction. The news was celebrated in Vienna and Prague with bonfires and a display of flags. While even the Prussian Government is said to be perfectly satisfied, and the Prince of Prussia has been appointed by the Archduke, commander of the military forces of the Empire.

It is said that the Prussian cabinet has resolved to introduce a bill shortly into the Constituent Assembly of Berlin, having in view the total separation of church and State, so far at least as administrative forms are concerned. The present ministry, however, may be dissolved before it can bring its plan before the Assembly.

The prospects of the Austrian Constituent Assembly are said to be gloomy. The *Cologne Gazette* states that "among ninety-two members now elected in Bohemia, there are no less than forty peasants. The same is the case with Styria, where there are thirty-one peasants among seventy-five Deputies, by far the major part of whom do not understand one word of German. It is certain that the great majority of the Assembly will consist of men without political education, without any idea of the questions of the epoch, and who are totally unable to understand or join in the discussions."

THE ALLISON LETTER.

A friend has just called our attention to the fact that in the copy of General Taylor's letter to Captain Allison, published in the Post on the 13th of May last, there is an omission. It is as follows: In respect to the veto power, our copy makes the General say that, in his opinion, it should never be exercised "except in cases of clear violation of the Constitution by Congress," while the copy that has been put into our hands says, "except in cases of clear violation of the Constitution, or *manifest haste and want of consideration* by Congress." The italicised words not being in our copy.

The latter reading we take to be the true reading, but whether the omission was in the copy which we followed, or whether it was a misprint of our compositors, we are at the present time of course unable to determine. We have thought it well, however, to make the correction, even at this late period, in order that our readers may know exactly what the General did say.

CORRECTION.

St. Thomas's Hall, which is about to be opened as a Female Seminary, by the Rev. William H. Gilder, is located in Flushing, Long Island, and not Flatbush, as we were made to say last week.

THE TERRITORIAL BILL.

The Senate passed the Territorial Bill last week, after a session of twenty-one hours, without adjournment, by a vote of 33 ayes to 22 nays. But one important amendment was made, which proceeded from Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, and provided that in all cases involving titles to slaves, writs of error and appeal should be allowed and decided by the Supreme Court, without regard to the value of the matter, property, or title in controversy. The following was the vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Atchison, Atherton, Benton, Berrien, Borland, Breese, Bright, Butler, Calhoun, Clayton, Davis, of Miss., Dickinson, Douglass, Downs, Foote, Hannegan, Houston, Hunter, Johnson of Md., Johnson of La., Johnson of Ga., King, Lewis, Mangum, Mason, Phelps, Rusk, Sebastian, Spruance, Sturgeon, Turney, Westcott and Yulee—33.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Badger, Baldwin, Bell, Bradbury, Clarke, Corwin, Davis of Mass., Dayton, Dix, Dodge, Felch, Fitzgerald, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Metcalf, Miller, Niles, Underwood, Upham and Walker—22.

Absent—Messrs. Cameron, Pearce and Webster—3.

The bill was then sent to the House, and upon motion of Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, laid on the table by a vote of 112 ayes to 97 nays. A motion to reconsider was then made, and lost, 96 ayes to 114 nays. The bill is thus almost certainly killed for this session, as it cannot be taken up again without a vote of two-thirds in its favor. The following was the test vote, upon the motion to lay it on the table:

Yeas—Messrs. Abbot, Adams, Ashmun, Belcher, Bingham, Blanchard, Boyden, Buckner, Butler, Canby, Clapp, Collamer, Collins, Conger, Cranston, Crowell, Crozier, Darling, Dickey, Dixon, Donnell, Duer, Daniel Duncan, Dunn, Eckert, Edwards, Embree, Nathan Evans, Faran, Farrelly, Fisher, Freedley, Fries, Giddings, Gott, Gregory, Grinnell, Hale, Nathan K. Hall, Hammons, James G. Hampton, Moses Hampton, Henley, Henry, Elias B. Holmes, Hubbard, Hudson, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Irvin, Jenkins, Kellogg, Daniel P. King, Lahm, William T. Lawrence, S. Lawrence, Lincoln, Lord, Lynde, Maclay, McClelland, McIlvaine, H. Mann, Marsh, Marvin, Morris, Mullin, Nelson, Nes, Newell, Nicoll, Palfrey, Peaslee, Peck, Pendleton, Petrie, Pollock, Putnam, Reynold, Julius Rockwell, John A. Rockwell, Rose, Rumsey, St. John, Schenck, Sherrill, Sylvester, Sugerland, Smart, Caleb B. Smith, R. Smith, Truman Smith, Starkweather, Stephens, A. Stewart, C. E. Stewart, Strohm, Strong, Tallmadge, Taylor, James Thompson, R. W. Thompson, J. B. Thompson, Wm. Thompson, Thornton, Tuck, Van Dyke, Vinton, Warren, Wentworth, White, Wiley and Wilmot—112.

Nays—Messrs. Atkinson, Barringer, Barrow, Bayly, Beale, Bedinger, Birdsall, Bocock, Botts, Bowdon, Bowlin, Boyd, Brodhead, Wm. G. Brown, Charles Brown, Albert G. Brown, Burt, Cabell, Cathcart, Chapman, F. Clark, Beverly L. Clark, Clingman, Howell Cobb, W. R. W. Cobb, Cocke, Crisfield, Daniel, Dickinson, Alex. Evans, Featherston, Ficklin, Flournoy, French, Fulton, Gayle, Gentry, Goggin, Green, Willard P. Hall, Haralson, Harmanson, Harris, Hill, Hilliard, I. E. Holmes, G. S. Houston, John W. Houston, Inge, C. J. Ingersoll, Iverson, Jameson, Andrew Johnson, R. W. Johnson, G. W. Jones, John W. Jones, Kaufman, Kennon, Thomas B. King, La Sere, Ligon, Lumpkin, McClernand, McDowell, McKay, McLane, Job Mann, Meade, Miller, Morehead, Outlaw, Peck, Peyton, Pilsbury, Preston, Rhett, Richardson, Richey, Robinson, Rockhill, Sawyer, Sheppard, Simpson, Sims, Stanton, Thibodeaux, Thomas, J. Thompson, R. A. Thompson, Tompkins, Toombs, Turner, Venable, Wallace, Wick, Williams and Woodward—97.

Summary of Votes.

Yeas		Nays.	
Northern Democrats,	31	Southern Democrats,	49
" Whigs,	73	Northern "	21
Southern Whigs,	8	Southern Whigs,	27
" Democrats	0	Northern "	0
	112		97

IRELAND.

The disaffection in Ireland is rapidly approaching a crisis. The Government seems determined to crush rebellion in the bud, if possible, by the arrest of the leading patriots, and the suppression of the liberal newspapers and the Clubs. On the other hand, Mr. Meagher and his fellow champions of the physical force Repealers, have evidently fixed upon the coming Autumn for an outbreak, which, if successful, will be a revolution, and result in the separation of Ireland from the British Crown, and its organization as an independent government, probably as a Republic. But will that outbreak be successful? We can give no answer to this question. It will depend upon what amount of heart and *brain* there is in Ireland. If all the people of Ireland were Meaghers and Mitchells, the result could be calculated to a certainty. But we fear they are not. All along we have seen an alarming want of unanimity among the Irish leaders. The O'Connells, supported by the great body of the priesthood, appear to be still in favor of the original platform of moral power. If this party, which numbers, we suppose, at least half of the repealers, remain passive during an insurrection, it seems hardly possible it should succeed. Even if one half of the moral force repealers refuse to take up arms, it may be fatal to the success of the cause. This want of union among the repealers is a lamentable symptom at the present important moment. We confess, with all our hopes, we almost despair for Ireland—"for on the side of the oppressor there is power."

We have but little doubt that Meagher, Duffy, and the other arrested persons will be found guilty and sentenced to prison or transportation. Then, if an effort be made to raise a rebellion and rescue them, the people, deprived of their leaders, will be taken at a disadvantage. If such an effort be not made, or if it be unsuccessful, the crisis, for the present, will be past. But not in vain will have been the efforts of these young apostles of freedom. The seed they have sown will sink deep in the Irish heart. The cause they have advocated will be sanctified by their sufferings. That they have talked imprudently, instead of having been guarded and silent until they were ready to act daringly, will be forgotten. Perhaps it will be seen that this talking was absolutely necessary—that in the present condition of Ireland it was necessary that a noisy rebellion of words should precede and pave the way for a comparatively silent but stern and resolute rebellion of deeds.

YUCATAN.

The London Times, in an article upon Yucatan, favors the interference of the British Government between the Whites and the Indians. The article concludes as follows:

In their distress, the whites of Yucatan are said to have made simultaneous proposals of allegiance and annexation to more than one power supposed to be interested in their possessions, and it will not of course be permitted that any fraction of the European race should be visited with total extermination as a penalty for having lost the ability of self defence. *But other considerations enter also into the question, and it may be found perhaps, that in rescuing these degenerate Spaniards from the hands of their foes, we may be doing good service to our own interests in that ill-favored region.*

Great Britain would doubtless like to have possession of Yucatan, even if it be "*ill-favored*."—Our British friends are like some old ladies, who will always buy a thing if they can get it cheap, even if they have no other use for it than to stow it away among the lumber in the garret—thinking "it will come in play some time." Sometimes such lumber does come in play, but oftener it is a source of more trouble than profit. Britain has quantities of such lumbering possessions on hand, in the shape of colonies, the great majority of which are an annual bill of expense, and a source of continual vexation. One of these days there will be a great auction opened, Madame Britannia being near her end, and all this old lumber will be disposed of to the highest bidder. At her death the following verse, by one of her own poets, will probably be sung:

> "Rattle her bones
> Over the stones,
> She's only a pauper,
> Whom nobody owns."

FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

The Friends of Ireland had a most inharmonious meeting last week, at Tammany Hall, New York city, according to the New York "True Sun." The Sun says, Mr. T. O'Connor denounced the managers of the New York Irish League, accusing them of misappropriating the funds, &c. Mr. Mooney, according to the Express, said he was heart-sick to see that the men who had called the meeting were not present. He called upon them to come forward and put down their thousand dollars, or forever after hold their tongues. Charles O'Conor was worth $100,000, and he called upon him (great uproar) to put down even $500—(screams, yells, shrieks, and all manner of indecorous execrations. "Put him out," "throw him out of the window," "shame," "shame," "shame," and a general appeal to fists.) The meeting, however, succeeded in adopting resolutions to promote its objects.

We understand that $50,000 will go out to Ireland, in aid of the patriots, by the next steamship. None of the money collected, will be expended in this country in the purchase of either guns or powder, but it will be sent to Ireland to be disposed of there, in a manner that may be best in the opinion of those to whom it is sent.

MR. BROWNSON.

The "Boston Pilot," the Catholic paper in Boston, speaking of a late article of Mr. Brownson's, says:

"The style of the article is familiar to us, and we think characteristic. It is a loose, superficial manner, accompanied with high pretensions to logical exactness. His whole manner of speaking and reasoning upon the subject of the Church, appears to us flippant and unsound. But we have a great many gentlemen attached to the Church, like flies on a coach wheel, who think they make her drive slappingly, by stress of articles and paragraphs, novels and lectures, and discussions, like Mrs. Primrose's—making up in abuse what they lack in argument."

We have been looking for something like the above, ever since we read that famous paragraph in which Mr. Brownson devoted all the charitable Protestant ladies to a place that shall be nameless. If Mr. Brownson were to *fly off* from the Catholic Church, he might ask the question once put by Mr. Webster, "Where can I go?" He has been every thing now, already, we believe, in the Christian way, except, perhaps, a Shaking Quaker. By the way, we don't know but what the *Shakers*, for such an unsteady gentleman as he has proved himself, would be the very thing.

WELL SAID.

The Lynn News of a recent date, says:

We inadvertently neglected to give credit to the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, last week, for Grace Greenwood's letter. When any thing better than common appears in the News, our readers are requested to consider it as originating in the Post.

And we may say that any thing better than the common run of matter that appears in the News, must be first rate, indeed. The Lynn News stands in the very front rank of the country press.

MR. MEAGHER.

The arrest of Mr. Meagher, of course puts an end for the present, to his contemplated visit to this country. We observe that a late account from Dublin says that the grand jury of the county of Limerick have found a true bill against him for sedition.

The following is Mr. Meagher's speech to the people, after having given bail in £500 for his appearance at the next Limerick assizes:

Mr. Meagher presented himself at the window for the purpose of addressing the assemblage, and was received with loud and protracted cheering. When silence was restored, he proceeded to speak as follows:—Fellow countrymen, I have only got a few words to say to you at present, because I don't wish you to put yourselves in the way of having this peaceable meeting interrupted by force. I merely come forward to tell you the nature of the circumstance which has caused some excitement amongst you, and it is this: that I was arrested yesterday, and brought out of Waterford by a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons, and two or three companies of the 7th Fusileers. (Laughter.)

It was thought in Waterford that I had been arrested on a charge of felony, but it is quite evident they have missed their shot this time. (Loud laughter and cheers.) I have also to tell you, my friends, that but for my most passionate appeals to the people I never would stand here to-day. (Great cheering.) My fellow citizens of Waterford had barricaded and shut the gates of their city—(tremendous and protracted cheers)—and it was at my urgent entreaty that the barricades were removed, and the gates opened; for I told them not to do any thing rash—I told them that I was not yet in prison, and that they might regret any rash act which they were induced to commit under the excitement of the moment.

I was right in giving that advice, and they were right in taking it; but now I tell you emphatically, that you may depend upon the men of Waterford. (Loud cheers.) I go from this city at half past 8 o'clock this evening, to appear at the next assizes of Limerick to stand my trial—that is if I like it—(laughter)—for making use of seditious language at Rathkeale the other night. (Hear, hear.) I go to Limerick without the slightest apprehension of any evil consequences whatever—(cheers)—and what is more, I am determined that they shall not have me in Newgate.

My oratory is at an end, at least for some time. The people will not lose me or my services, of whatever use these may be to them. (Loud cheers.) Therefore, as I reserve myself for your cause, I call upon you to pluck up heart, and pursue your course with undiminished ardor. Never mind these arrests—you have true men amongst you still. (Cheers.) Organize as you have done heretofore; keep that ground and maintain it. (Hear.) Never mind those threats of the suppression of the Clubs; continue to enroll your members, and then if they shut up the rooms, you have the names still on the cards. (Cheers.)

This is the advice I give you; and I am sure that, as under more exciting circumstances, my advice was taken by the people, in this more gratifying state of things, an advice less difficult to adopt will be followed with equal readiness. (Hear, hear.) Courage—a few more efforts, and we shall have the day. (Vehement and enthusiastic cheering, amid which Mr. Meagher retired.)

Since the above was in type, we have seen a statement to the effect that the arrest of Mr. Meagher would not prevent his visit to this country. That he cannot be tried, under the present information, until the next Assizes of Limerick, to be holden in the Spring of 1849. We think it most probable, however, that Mr. Meagher will not come. We certainly hope he will not.

WALLACHIA.

Do our readers know where Wallachia is? Look on the map and you will find it bordering on Turkey, its eastern boundary being the Black Sea.—Well even to Wallachia, it seems, the revolutionary spirit has made its way. The Cologne Gazette publishes the following, dated Bucharest, June 24th:

"A revolution has been accomplished at Bucharest. The Prince has granted and signed 22 concessions, of which the principal are, 1st. liberty of the press; 2d. abolition of the servitude of the Bohemians and peasants, as also of the feudal charges—indemnities to be accorded by the State to the present proprietors, for the loss, not only of those charges, but also for the proportions of land which the peasants hitherto attached to the glebe, are now to receive as property; 3d. reduction of the civil list by one-half; 4th. dismissal of the present ministers; 5th. universal suffrage; 6th. adoption of a more popular mode of administration; 7th. emancipation of the Jews; 8th. confiscation and return to the State of the property of numerous rich convents of the country, as well as other ecclesiastical properties; 9th. *election of another prince every five years*; 10th. responsibility not only of the ministers, but also of the Prince himself; 11th. establishment of a National Guard; 12th. equality before the law."

Verily, it seems that the people even of that benighted portion of the world, seem to have a pretty fair idea of what is just and right. And to crown all, no disorders, except breaking a few panes of glass in the residence of an obnoxious Minister, have taken place; while the people are said to be transported with joy. Good friends and readers, we know that the people of Europe are doomed to many disappointments before they will be able to settle down in the full enjoyment of their rights—disappointments originating in their own unworthiness and in the tricks of tyrants—but nevertheless have we perfect faith to believe that the momentous events which are now transacting, are certain to result, eventually, in a great enlargement of the liberties of all the nations of that continent, and in the improvement of the condition of their inhabitants, socially, intellectually, and morally.

THE TERRITORIES.

The population of Oregon is probably about 15,000—the greater part natives of the United States.

The population of New Mexico, according to the memoir of Dr. Wislizenus, printed by the Senate during the present session, is about 70,000. One half of them, probably, are whites. Under the Mexican Government the territory was ruled by a Governor and Legislature (Junta Departmental.)

The population of California, according to Mr. E. Bryant, formerly editor of a Lexington, Ky., paper, and late Alcalde of San Francisco, who has recently published a book on that country, is as follows: "The permanent population," says Mr. Bryant, "of that portion of Upper California situated between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, I estimate at 25,000. Of this number Mr. Bryant estimates that 13,000 are whites and 12,000 Christianized Indians. Of the whites 8,000 are Spanish Americans, and the remaining 5,000 chiefly from the United States.

Of the Californians Mr. Bryant appears to have a favorable opinion. He says:

"Physically and intellectually, the men probably are superior to the same race further South, and inhabiting the countries contiguous to the city of Mexico. The men, as a general fact, are well made, with pleasing, sprightly countenances, possessing much grace and ease of manners, and vivacity of conversation.

"They are obedient to their magistrates, and in all disputed cases decided by them, acquiesce without uttering a word of complaint. They have been accused of treachery and insincerity. Whatever may have been the grounds for this accusation in particular instances, I know not; but, judging from my own observation and experience, they are as free from these qualities as our own people."

OFFICE RULES.

We find the following excellent rules for those who visit editors, in a contemporary:

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quickly.
3. Don't touch the poker.
4. Say nothing interesting.
5. Engage in no controversy.
6. Don't smoke.
7. Keep six feet from the table.
8. Hands off the papers.
9. Eyes off the manuscript.
10. If the editor is abrupt, or looks savage, take it for granted he is stalled—and vanish.

The last three especially of the above ten commandments are worthy of particular observance. Papers and books may *lead* to a stranger out of order, but they are not so. A kind friend will often in his ignorance so mix up examined with unexamined exchanges, and "noticed" with "unnoticed" books, that it requires considerable time and patience to make all right again after his departure.

And then as to the last rule of the above—it is a wonder that people do not involuntarily and of their own good sense, observe it. If an editor leans back in his chair, appears willing to converse, and presses you to stay and make yourself easy, take it for granted that he has a little time to spare; but if he bends uneasily over his desk, appears absent minded, gives short answers, and glances every moment at the door, as if he was fearful of seeing the very "devil" enter, with his everlasting cry for "copy, copy," then a visitor of sense cannot *vamose* too hastily. And we may add, in conclusion, that the rules we have quoted, and the remarks we have made upon them, will apply to a great many other places of business besides editorial offices.

HOAXING PROFESSORS.

Hon. Judge Reed, of York, is said to have received several letters from scientific men, asking for the full particulars attending the fall of a meteoric stone "eighteen feet in circumference," which was reported to have occurred at that place. Professor Silliman, Jr., (*silly-man* enough, it seems, in this case,) wrote, desiring to purchase the mass for the cabinet at Yale College, remarking that it was the largest and most extraordinary aerolite of which he had ever heard. The author of the *lie* will doubtless laugh and congratulate himself highly on its success; but the reason it succeeded was because there was nothing absolutely improbable in the story.

SLAVES IN OREGON.

The Washington correspondent of the Public Ledger says that he is informed by Judge Thornton, a Virginian by birth, who emigrated to Oregon from Illinois, that there are about a dozen slaves in Oregon, more or less; the Court and the Legislature existing merely by the common consent of the inhabitants, feeling too weak to try their strength by disposing of the cases.

MEXICAN WIVES.

It is stated by a Cincinnati paper, that thirteen of the Pennsylvania volunteers who passed up the river last week, had Mexican wives.

This may be so, but we have not heard of any being seen in this city with the Philadelphia volunteers. Who knows how much truth there is in the above curious statement of "a Cincinnati paper?"

Our Correspondents.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 20th, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—We reached this beautiful village on the afternoon of the 20th, after a somewhat wearying journey from Lynn. We did not leave the sea-shore on Monday, as we expected to do. The temptation of a few more rides and rambles was too much for our 'resolution,' and we gave in with exemplary resignation to the urgent solicitation of our friends.

On Monday we rode up to Boston, where we spent the greater part of the day. We again visited the Daguerreotype Rooms of Southworth & Hawes, when we had a general exchange of miniatures, and very fine ones they were, too. I would cordially recommend to all such as have a desire to see themselves on plate, this admirable establishment. Messrs. Southworth & Hawes are true *gentlemen*, as well as experienced and conscientious artists, and their enthusiasm, fine taste and unwearying politeness, agreeably impress their sitters, and convert into a pleasure what is usually an intolerable bore. I have seen nothing in this department of art to equal their pictures for truthfulness and elegant finish—they are, to my eye, at least, *perfect*.

After a last look at Faneuil Hall, Old South, the Hancock House, and the Common, we rode out to Mount Auburn, and spent some hours in that Eden of the dead. Oh, how sweet, how peaceful, how almost enviable seemed the grave-rest there!—Even to us, upon whose paths no frosts had fallen, and few storms had beat—whose hearts swelled high with the strong tide of youthful energy and aspiration—whose lips were yet crimson with the first draught of the wine of life, and whose eyes yet dwelt upon the loveliness of earth, and turned shrinkingly from all that might mar her glory and her grace.

Ah, then, what a shore of tranquil beauty must it be to the tempest-tossed wanderer, what a Holy Land of repose to the world-weary pilgrim. How must it call with a thousand low, sweet voices, to its solemn shades all those who have seen their paths made desolate by the storms of misfortune—whose days are darkened by sorrow—whose hours go by to mournful measures, and whose moments are counted by the heart-throbs of anguish. How must it seem to them a place of infinite consolations, a very Paradise of rest, where deep, dark foliage shall shut out the joyous sun-light and curtain the lone grave with tender sadness, and where the "floral apostles" of immortality shall keep their beautiful vigils by the dead. Here the angel of the flowers, sad and dewy-eyed, seems standing like a weeping Mary beside the sepulchre.

On Tuesday evening our friends and us formed a cavalcade and paid a farewell visit to the beach, where we rode for some hours. There was no moonlight to silver o'er the smooth sands—the mighty heart of the ocean throbbed in vain for its mistress; but the heavens were peculiarly serene, and the stars looked upon the scene from their far heights, in unchangeable beauty and grandeur. It was a night in perfect unison with my feelings. In my heart there was no moonlight, it was darkened by the morrow's parting, which cast its shadows before; and yet there slept upon it the sweet star-light of hopes still beautiful and dear to the soul. The moon, now lavishing on us her wealth of radiant beauty, and now waning and passing coldly from our adoring gaze; the stars, farther off, but forever unchanging, are they not types of the pleasure of our poor life, and of the infinite joys of the spirit!

It was nearly midnight when we left the beach. Slowly and most reluctantly we went from the scene of much pleasure and many enthusiasms and up-liftings of the spirit. Not altogether of earth and of the senses had been the emotions I had known upon that shore. Here had I often bowed to the God of the beautiful earth, the glorious heavens, and the sounding sea. I believe that now, as at the first, the Spirit of the Lord moves "on the face of the waters," and I would rather worship where the waves lift up their eternal anthem, and the solemn stars look down upon the deep, than in "temples made with hands," though reared by monarchs, consecrated by priests, and rendered still holier by the divine conceptions of genius.

In the morning we parted from our friends, the ——s and ——s, truthful, faithful and well beloved. Oh, there were

> "Partings such as press
> The life out of young hearts."

How little do we know of the warmth and strength of our attachments till we test them by partings and absence. My lovely friend, who was with me so long in Philadelphia, and with whom I have been since I left that city, has so grown to my heart, so infused her thoughts into my thoughts and mingled her spirit with mine, that I leave half my life in leaving her. May God shelter with the wing of His love and surround with the serene atmosphere of His presence one whom He has so richly and so beautifully endowed.

And there were others whose friendship was to me and to my brother most grateful and cheering—a blessing and a gladness. There was about it a freshness, a spontaneity, a generous heart-warmth which gave us true happiness, and for which we cannot be sufficiently grateful. As they met the stranger may they be met, and as much truth, confidence and kindly attention be theirs in all their out goings!

> Whate'er may be before us now,
> Whatever new ties bind us,
> Here's love and peace to the hearts which thus
> With the loved and tried have shrined us—
> Here's a health, a brimming, sparkling health
> To the friends we left behind us!

We are now making a brief visit at the birthplace of our mother, Brooklyn, truly one of the loveliest of New England's lovely villages. Here was the home of Putnam, in the latter part of his life, and his tomb is in the village church-yard. The famous wolf-den is within a short distance, and is well worth a visit. No one after seeing it can doubt the courage of the gallant old soldier.

I should apologize for the heaviness of my letter, and its total lack of style and finish. The truth is my thoughts have not been with my employment to-day—my mind is ill at rest—there is nothing in all my heart but the echoes of farewells.

I cannot tell you where my next letter will be dated; but probably at the place in which we stop longest on our way to the West—Troy or Rochester perhaps.

Till then, gentlemen, adieu.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. XIV.

New York, July 24, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—What kind of a letter would you expect a correspondent to write, when the thermometer stands at ninety degrees in a shady room? I will commence, but if the sentences are hazy, or if I should give way to a sudden burst of desperate ill-humor, you must not attribute it to nature—at least, not to my nature. Here we are, a city of half a million beings, quietly stewing in the chambers, baking in the streets, melting at meal-time and "done rare" at all times! But still, in spite of all the *desagremens* attendant on such a fervid season, there is something in one's frame which seems to exult in it—something akin to, or springing from our impulses of enthusiasm or generosity, which finds in the full blaze of summer heat a congenial element. If it be true,

> "That bright and fierce, and fickle is the South,
> And dark, and true, and tender is the North,"—

we, who are given up, by turns, to both these influences, may be expected to combine both in our nature. It is with men as with plants: their beings blossom, and are filled with bountiful fragrance, in the midst of physical light and heat. There is a vital electricity in these principles, which quickens the action of the blood, and in a manner hoards up the vigor of life for our calmer years. It is well known that feeble and debilitated persons are strengthened by sunshine; and who shall say, therefore, that it may not give fire to the imagination, and buoyant energy to the heart? I like to think that the same glory which the sturdy tree of the forest drinks in through its thousand leaves, thrills with newer life the blood of man. I hope to quaff a brimming beaker of this life of the sun, at some future day, among the palms of the Orient.

All of New York that can "flit," has left us; Saratoga is crowded, Newport is overflowing, Catskill is populated, and every trout-stream of the wilderness or smooth piece of sea-beach has its visitors. Yet we mark no sensible diminution of the human tides in our streets. It requires as much "tacking," "wearing away," and "laying to," to steer among the throngs of Broadway, of an afternoon, and as much daring courage to risk a crossing to the other side, between four stages driving different ways. The places of amusement are all open, and well attended. The Lehman Family are acting at Niblo's, in those extraordinary mechanical pantomimes, which nobody does better than they, since the Ravels have left the stage. M. and M'me d'Hor Laborde, French vocalists of considerable reputation, have been singing there. The former is only an average singer, and a very poor actor. The latter sings with a remarkable brilliancy of manner and great facility of art, but the earnest soul, without which music is like a dull plaster cast of a divine statue, seems to be wanting to her. The audience admired, but was not moved.

The whole city has a half-finished appearance, from the piles of brick and beds of mortar, which beset all the principal streets. There is a great deal of building going up this season, probably because the old fabrics, with walls the thickness of half a brick, are beginning to fall. The new edifices are generally handsome and substantial; the rich Connecticut sandstone is rapidly taking the place of the glaring brick fronts. I notice also a great improvement in style, which leads me to hope for the architectural salvation of Gotham.

We are slow to learn the principles of true taste in building, but there is a progress, certain though gradual.

The fountain of my thoughts is dry; a mist is slowly creeping over the paper; the straggling pot-hooks grow indistinct, and while consciousness is left, I hasten to write J. B. T.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The steamer Europa arrived at Boston on the 27th ult., bringing three days later news from Paris, and four days later news from England and Ireland. She left Liverpool at 6, P. M., on the 15th ult., via Halifax, which she reached at 5, P. M., on the 25th, leaving three hours afterwards.

[From the English Papers.]

FRANCE.

Paris is still peaceable, but full of excitement, rumors of plots, intended insurrections, &c. We give the following as samples:

One is, that a general murder of the members of the Assembly is intended, means being organized for executing this simultaneously at their respective places of abode. Another is, that an organized assault will be made on the Boarding Schools, where young persons of the other sex are educated; that these shall be captured and kept as hostages, to be delivered up only on the payment of a ransom in money, and the concession of such political measures as the insurgents may require. Other reported projects have for their object the blowing up of portions of the capital, by means of gunpowder deposited in the quarters of the catacombs, sewer-pipes, cellars and other excavations which already exist, besides excavations expressly executed for the purpose. It is understood that the Pensionnes and other establishments for education have been placed under careful surveillance.—Again, it is said that a column of 40,000 ouvriers, without work, intend to march to the National Assembly, and demand peremptorily to be fed or to be shot.

Again it is said:

Another plot has been discovered in Paris. The workmen of the Atelier Nationaux were to revolt on the 14th, the day fixed for the five sous banquet. That festival was merely a pretext to get the insurgents together. Their head-quarters was to have been the Place des Malsherbes, back of the Madelaine. That part of Paris was to have been pillaged. The government are in possession of the whole details of the plot, and many of the intended chiefs have been arrested. Many of the Prefects of the departments are implicated in the insurrection of June, and fifteen of them are to be replaced.

All the political prisoners were moved on a recent night from the prisons of Paris, to the detached forts—several escaped on the way. The National Guard and the garrison were under arms at the departure of our express, and cannon were planted at various points.

Advices from Paris of the 13th ult., state that part of the present government are in favor of prosecuting the suspected members of the late government, while the other part, including General Cavaignac, are firmly opposed to any such proceedings.

The Minister of the Interior, M. Senard, who is a man of great probity and energy, has already given notice to several of the great functionaries in the provinces, who in the recent emergency betrayed apathy, or decided hostility to the cause of order, that they will do well to send in their resignations. It is said that at least fifteen of the Prefects will be replaced, and it is not improbable that three or four will be placed under arrest, for having withheld or falsified the telegraphic despatches which were sent to them, inviting the National Guards of their departments to march.—Gen. Cavaignac and Gen. Lamoriciere, in accord with the commander-in-chief of the National Guard, have adopted a plan for the prevention of barricades, which must be effectual. Patrols will be continually on foot during the night; but the National Guard, on whose zeal and courage the greatest reliance can be placed, are to be summoned as soon as there is an attempt made to move the pavement, and are to put in force the clause in the decree which assimilates the maker of a barricade to the insurgent taken with arms. Before, this action was merely an infringement of the laws of what is called *La Police Simple*; but now, any man assisting in forming a barricade, can be at once shot.

General Cavaignac is said to be resolved to act with stern severity, if another outbreak should occur. The Minister of War has published in the Moniteur, an order in relation to five companies of the 18th regiment of the line, who laid down their arms to the mob during the late insurrection, and reprobates the act of the troops as one of base cowardice; he dismisses the officers who commanded, breaks one of the companies, and disbands the others; observing, that but for considerations of mercy, all the delinquents should be punished with the utmost rigor of martial law. The army generally will regard the disgrace inflicted on these men as the greatest punishment that could be bestowed.

IRELAND.

The crisis is now fast approaching, and each party is girding itself for the conflict, the government, by a rigorous censorship of the press, the arrest of the confederate Missionaries, the employment of spies, and the augmentation of its armed resources; and the people by prodigious activity in the enrolment of clubs, the establishment of the League, the distribution of arms, the most complete fraternization of all classes and boundless resolution and enthusiasm. On Saturday night, Mr. Duffy, of the Nation, was apprehended on a charge of Treason and Felony, and committed to Newgate, whither he was followed by Mr. Martin of the Felon, who had previously surrendered. On Monday the proprietors of the Tribune, Messrs. O'Dougherty & Williams, and Mr. Hoban, the publisher, were committed on the like charge, the whole of whom will be tried at the Commission Court on the 8th prox.

Mr. O'Dougherty was arrested in Cashel on Monday, and Mr. Meagher in Waterford on Tuesday, on charges of sedition, and will be tried at the present assizes in Tipperary and Limerick. Mr. Meagher's apprehension caused the utmost excitement in Waterford. The chapel bells were rung, thousands of confederates assembled, and it required all the authority and influence of the gifted and chivalrous captive, aided by the Catholic clergymen to prevent the people from falling upon the military and police. As it was they stoned the authorities and cut off one body of the troops from the other. They created a formidable barricade, which impeded the progress of the escort, and for miles harrassed and hunted the procession, but, happily, no life was lost. During the week, Mr. Darcey McGee and Mr. Haywood were also arrested for sedition, but the bills were thrown out by the Wicklow grand jury on Thursday. The excitement, not only in Dublin but throughout Ireland, is intense, and the note of preparation is everywhere sounded. The seed of revolution has extended to England, and scattered there. The United Repealers and Chartists are rapidly organizing and arming.

From Belfast, the letters are chiefly occupied with details of the Orange processions in the North of Ireland, on the 12th ult. We are happy to say that all passed off quietly, and without any breach of the peace. The conduct of the Repealers on this occasion was most commendable, as they abstained from any interference with the processions.

Dublin is much excited by the late arrests. The Commissioners of Police, on the 14th, issued a placard, cautioning news venders against selling "felonious and seditious" papers, as they would thereby render themselves liable to prosecution.

Mr. Charles Gavin Duffy, although confined in "a felon's cell," has again addressed the readers of the Nation "on the point of attack—the clubs." He says:

"We have no real and vital power, then, but that which the clubs have, or may have, and we must hold them fast, or all is gone. * * * * There is at present no law enabling the Irish Government to put down the clubs. If they attempt to do so without a law, they ought to be resisted at every point of attack. No club-room ought to be yielded without a siege. If they ask an act of Parliament, it cannot pass under ten days or a fortnight; if there were six honest and capable Irish members, it would not pass this session. But the interval, whatever it may be, ought to be used in spreading the club organization with the *furor* of a crusade. If the act become a law, and our last right is stricken down, the presidents of all the clubs in Ireland might meet as a provisional council, summon the country around them, and resist the aggression with arms. No fairer ground of national quarrel can ever arise. It is a ground broad enough and clear enough for a battle-field; for it involves, practically, the last right we possess—the right to complain and resist. When it is gone, we will have thrown away sword and shield. We may submit and die."

Mr. T. D. M'Gee, who, although indicted for sedition, does not scruple to come within the more voracious fangs of the Treason-felony Act, in an article headed "Ireland's Trial," daringly writes as follows:

"What I would advise the people to do is this, that they forthwith throw themselves into the 'The Irish League.' That every club sends up to the next meeting its two, three, or five hundred members to be proposed. That by the first day of August next, we shall have 100,000 Irishmen enrolled as Leaguers, and may try the effect of their moral-force influence on the cases of the patriots now in Newgate. That in the same time, every club shall double its numbers, and every member of a club shall be rigidly required to observe the original rule, and to bring in one new member. By these means between 200,000 and 300,000 men may be actually enrolled before the adjourned Commission resumes. If all moral influence fail—if juries are packed, and false verdicts obtained against true men—then, and not before, I demand 'an arrest of judgment,' by the Irish people. I demand this not because of my personal attachment to the prisoners, but for the sake of our ancient cause and country. If these men, with such notice and warning, are also sent to Bermuda, the sooner every man calling himself 'Nationalist' chooses another country the better for him and for outraged human reason."

The Irish League had its first meeting on the 11th ult., at the Music-hall, Lower Abbey street, Dublin, after a painful struggle into existence. Some few Conciliation Hall Repealers were present. The Hon. Mr. Barnewall took the chair. The more prominent names of the committee of the new Irish League are Mr. C. G. Duffy, of the Nation, Mr. John Martin, of the Felon, Mr. D. Williams and Mr. O'Doherty, of the Tribune, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Mr. W. S. O'Brien, M. P., Mr. Meagher, Mr. Stritch, the Messrs. O'Gorman, and a few others. Mr. Maurice Leyne, of Conciliation Hall, delivered the most exciting speech, in which he prayed Heaven to strengthen the arm of England's foes. Mr. Morgan said that the new Council had sworn fealty to Ireland, and would be found either in the council room or behind a barricade. Mr. Morgan says he prefers being shot behind a barricade than endure the present police domination in Dublin.

On the night of the 9th, at 9 o'clock, Mr. Chas. Gavin Duffy was taken into custody on a charge of felony, under the new act for the security of the Crown and Government. The subject of the charge is for publishing a letter, written by Mr. Meagher, in the Nation, of the 8th, in which the revolutionary designs of the clubs are fully set forth and declared.

Mr. Duffy is by far the most influential and able of the sedition leaders, and has heretofore contrived to evade the hazard of a state prosecution. A little before nine o'clock, a member of the detective police went into the Nation office, armed with a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Duffy, who happened at the time to be in the office. All the account-books, manuscripts, &c., were also seized, and, with Mr. Duffy, were taken to the College street Police office. On Mr. Duffy coming there, Mr. Tyndall, one of the divisional magistrates, was, according to previous arrangements, on the bench; and Mr. Kemmis, the crown solicitor, was also present. Although at a late hour, the office was crowded by Mr. Duffy's friends. Mr. Tyndall acquainted Mr. Duffy with the charge, and said that it was his duty to commit him to Newgate for trial at the next commission.

The only conversation that took place between the parties concerned was in allusion to the seizure of Mr. Duffy's papers. He denied the existence of such a right on the part of the constable, and, apparently regardless of the serious charge against him, condemned as tyrannical such seizure. Mr. Tyndall declined to enter into any explanation as to the seizure of the papers, when Mr. Duffy, turning to his chief clerk, said, in a most determined tone, "I tell you, as the police have used force without the sanction of the law, to resist them in all such attempts in future; in all such cases of illegal oppression, your duty is to protect yourself against such arbitrary proceedings." Before he left the office, he said, addressing the crowd, "My last words are, double your numbers in the clubs." [Cries of "we will, we will!" and applause.]

The prisoner was conveyed to Newgate, where he arrived a little before 10 o'clock.

When Mr. Duffy was proceeding to Newgate, in company with the officers, the covered car in which he rode was stopped at the upper end of Mary street by the crowd, and a rescue attempted. A rescue was also attempted in Green street, but on both occasions, at the desire of the constables, Mr. Duffy addressed the people and advised them to go home and be peaceable. They promised to do so, and then Mr. Duffy called on them to give a cheer for Irish independence, which was heartily responded to. The crowd then dispersed quietly.

The police have exceeded their instructions, in regard to the seizure of newspapers from private individuals. The following is the order issued by the Police Commissioners:

"The Commissioners of Police having been informed that in one instance a copy of the Felon newspaper was seized in the hands of a gentleman who was reading it, hereby caution the police against such interference with individuals.

"The orders given respecting this newspaper were, to seize it in the places where it was sold, or in the hands of hawkers, as a seditious print, not otherwise."

Mr. Michael Doheny, the barrister, was arrested on the 11th, in his own house, near Cashel, by Mr. Joseph Cox, the sub-inspector of police, and taken before the Hon. Mr. French, the stipendiary magistrate, charged with sedition, uttered in a speech pronounced by him at Roscrea, in the North Riding. After a short examination before the magistrate, a committal was made out, and Mr. Doheny was being removed to the bridewell, when an attempt at rescue was made by the mob, but after a short delay the prisoner was safely lodged in the bridewell—however, not before two private soldiers of the 43d light infantry, spectators in the crowd, were knocked down and severely handled. Mr. Doheny is to be sent, this evening, to the North Riding.

Another letter states that such was the violence of the members of the clubs, that the military and police were ordered to prime and load; but the firm conduct of the authorities produced order. Mr. Doheny gave bail at Roscrea, to stand his trial at the assizes of the North Riding of Tipperary.

The Dublin Confederate Clubs met in their rooms on the 10th. It is stated that "Policemen were stationed at the doors of the club-houses, by whom the members who entered were noted." At the Mercantile Assistants' Club, Mr. T. D. M'Gee presided, and the following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, We consider the continued delay in the formation of the Irish League has been seized on by the Government as a favorable opportunity for crushing and imprisoning those gentlemen who have unflinchingly advocated the people's rights, and we are further of opinion, the only way to meet this grievance is by at once forming the Irish League, thereby uniting all sections of Irishmen, sincerely desirous of achieving the country's independence for that purpose."

The clubs of the small town of Carrick-on-Suir, eleven in number, have adopted the following resolution, which has obtained the concurrence of 1185 persons, members of those clubs:

"That feeling, in common with the great majority of our fellow countrymen, the great value and pressing necessity of immediate and cordial union in the proposed Irish League of all true Repealers, we consider it a duty to express our extreme dissatisfaction at the elaborate articles to that union, suggested by Mr. John O'Connell and some few other members of the Repeal Association, and we pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors to support the principles, and carry out the policy of the League, for the speedy repeal of the Act of Union."

The following bill has been extensively circulated through all the channels open to the Irish Confederation—that is, through the clubs and the other branches of the organization. It does not bear any printer's name, but there is little doubt it comes through this source:

"JOHN MARTIN—TO THE CITIZENS OF DUBLIN—Fellow Citizens: An infamous outrage has been this day perpetrated upon a fellow-citizen by the English Government. Without a color of law, they broke into his house—seized and carried off by force his private property. In his person the law has been set at defiance, and the most sacred rights of the citizen have been insolently trampled under foot. Before their trial, citizens are treated as convicted felons—their homes violated—their property seized and confiscated. Irishmen!—this must not last. We must not be tame—we must not be idle—whilst an Austrian despotism is being planted in our country. The day of reckoning is at hand!—the hour for the death grapple with this tyranny approaches! Till it comes, no shrinking, no rashness—but Prepare! Prepare!! Prepare!!!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Piedmontese ministry have resigned on the question whether the war shall be carried on or a temporising policy adopted. The ministry were in favor of the latter.

The news is confirmed that the Russian troops had marched into Moldavia. The people have declared for a republic.

The Austrian ministry have resigned.

The news from Berlin is that the Communists are endeavoring to incite an insurrection similar to that of Paris.

Portugal is tranquil.

Mehemet Ali is insane.

There have been serious disturbances in Frankfort; several lives lost.

The war in Italy is carried on without vigor.

Cotton has advanced an eighth of a penny with greatly increased sales. Indian corn and meal are also in demand for export to Ireland at an advance, in consequence of the alarm growing out of rumors of the spread of the potato rot. In flour, though inactive, prices continue firm. Provisions are steady, and the English funds continue to improve. The money market is easy, and business in the manufacturing districts looks encouraging. Altogether, the news, in a commercial point of view, must be considered favorable.

In Spain, the insurrection in favor of the Count de Montemolin fills the government with alarm.

The captains general of Catalonia and Navarre have been ordered to shoot upon the spot, Cabrera and Elio, or any other Carlist chief who may fall into their hands.

The three months' armistice between Prussia and Denmark has been confirmed (for the third time.) Peace is expected to supervene.

The Russian troops on the Prussian frontier have moved to Gallicia.

On Monday the convicted Chartists in London were sentenced each to two years imprisonment, with security for future good conduct. The Queen's ministers have abandoned their intention of permitting her to visit Ireland in the course of next month.

New Publications.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL. *By Acton Bell, author of "Wuthering Heights." New York: Harper & Brothers.* We had understood that this novel was by "Currer Bell," the assumed name of the author of Jane Eyre; but now that we have received it, it appears to be by the author of a very different book. We have not yet had time to read the Tenant of Wildfell Hall, and therefore shall content ourselves, for the present, with simply noting its advent. In the course of a few weeks we may have more to say about it. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.* Two volumes. 25 cents each.

TAYLOR ANECDOTES. *Anecdotes of Zachary Taylor and the Mexican War. By Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter. New York: D. Appleton & Co.* The title of this volume is a sufficient indication of the contents. We knew there were very many of these anecdotes, but we did not suppose there were sufficient to fill a volume of 130 or 140 pages. For sale by *Geo. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut St., Phila.*

VANITY FAIR: *Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The first volume of this humorous work is on our table. It is profusely illustrated with engravings. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents a volume—two volumes.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, July 29, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies continue very light, and the stocks being materially reduced, prices are pretty steady. We note sales of 4000 bbls common standard brands at $5,12½a5,18¾ for sound old stock, Pennsylvania and Western, and $5,25a5,37½ for fresh ground. The sales for city use range from $5,50 to 6 per bbl as in quality. Rye Flour has declined to $3,87½ per bbl, with small sales. Corn Meal is very scarce and prices steady—sales of 2000 bbls at $2,50a2,56¼ for fresh ground Pennsylvania.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat have increased, and the demand being very moderate, prices have further declined—early in the week sales of good to prime old Western reds were sold at $1,15a1,17, and fair to prime new Southern at $1,10a1,13, and inferior at $1,03a1,05—since, sales of good old Pennsylvania and Western at $1,05a1,08, and new Southern at $1,03, and inferior at $1 per bushel. Week's sales 20,000 bushels. Rye is scarce, with small sales at 68a69c. Corn—The receipts being light, prices continue steady—sales of 15,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 51a52c. Oats have been dull at 33a36c for Pennsylvania, and 30a32 for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market for salted Meats has been very dull, and no sales of moment have transpired; we quote Western Pork at $11a11,25 for Mess, and $8,50a9 for Prime per bbl. Bacon is very scarce, and prices are firm at 5½a9c for Hams, as in quality; 4½a5c for Sides, and 4¼a4½ for Shoulders. Lard sells in small lots at 7½a7¾c. Butter and Cheese sell slowly at former rates.

BARK—The market for Quercitron has been quiet, and no sales of importance have transpired this week.

BEESWAX—The market continues inactive. We quote Yellow at 20½a21c.

BREAD—We continue to quote Navy at 3a3½; Pilot at 4¼a4½, and Crackers at 5c per pound, with small sales.

CANDLES—Small sales of Sperm at 30a31c. Tallow Candles sell at 11½a12 for Mould, and 10½a11 for Dipped per lb.

COAL—The demand for Anthracite is yet moderate, and prices are nearly steady. We continue to quote White Ash Lump at $3,37½a3,50; Broken and Stove $3,50a3,62½; Red Ash Lump $3,62½; Broken Egg and stove sizes $3,75 per ton, delivered on board. Sales of Lehigh, at Bristol, at $3,87½ for Lump, and $3,75 for Broken and Egg. Sales by retail at $4,50a4,75 for Schuylkill, and $4,75a5 for Lehigh, delivered. 1a2000 bushels Allegheny Bituminous sold at 16½a17 cts per bushel.

COTTON—The market has been very inactive this week, and the sales only reach 450 bales, principally Upland, at about our quotations.

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls & Ala.
Middling,	6 a 6¼	6 a 6½
Middling Fair,	6¾ a 6⅞	6⅞ a 7¼
Fair,	7 a 7¼	7½ a 7¾

COPPER—Market inactive. The last sale of new Sheathing was at 21c 6 mos.

DOMESTIC GOODS—The fall trade is about commencing, and a number of Western dealers are already in the market. The stocks here are large and varied, and prices rule low.

FEATHERS—The demand for Western has been to a limited extent at 33a35c per lb.

FISH—Mackerel continue dull, with small sales at $7,25a8,75 for No. 1; $5a5,50 for No. 2, and $4,25a4,75 for No. 3 per bbl.

FRUIT—The market continues inactive. A cargo of Sicily Oranges and Lemons arrived this week, which is not yet landed. Further sales of Bahama Pine Apples at $5a5,50 per 100.

GINSENG—The last sale of good Crude was at 36 cts, cash.

HEMP—The market remains without change. About 100 tons Dew Rotted sold on private terms.

HIDES—Market very dull, and no sales have transpired since our last report.

HOPS—Prices are steady at 6½a7c per lb, with moderate sales.

IRON—The demand is yet limited, and only a few hundred tons Pennsylvania Pig at $23a27, as in quality, for Anthracite, and $25a30 for Forge and Foundry Metal. Bar Iron ranges from $70 to 75, and Blooms $55a70 per ton. Further sales of Scotch Pig at $25a26, on the usual credit.

LATHS—Prices are steady at $1,20a1,25 for Laths and $5,75a6,25 for Pickets.

LEAD—A sale of 1000 pigs at 4 1-16 cts cash—now held at 4¼c.

LEATHER—The stocks of most descriptions are unusually light, and prices tend upward.

LUMBER—We hear of no change either in price or demand this week. Shipped from the Lehigh region during the week ending 22d ult.

	Feet.
	700,000
Previously this season,	14,661,502
Total,	15,361,502

NAVAL STORES—But little doing. A few hundred bbls common Rosin sold at 70c and some Tar at $2 per bbl. Moderate sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 31a33c per gallon.

OILS—Linseed has been in fair demand, with sales to some extent at 60a62c. Whale has been in some demand, and free sales made at 33a35c. Small sales of Sperm at previous prices.

PLASTER—Further cargo sales at $2,25a2,37½ per ton.

RICE—In brisk demand, with sales of 200 casks at 3¼a3½c per lb.

SALT—Sales of 420 sacks Liverpool fine, and 6400 bushels Turk's Island, on private terms.

SEEDS—The market remains quiet. Sales in lots at $3,50a3,75 for good to prime Cloverseed; and a small parcel at $4. Flaxseed is dull at $1,35 per bushel.

SPIRITS—No change in the prices of Brandy, Gin or Rum, of which the sales have been quite limited. Whiskey in hhds is scarce, and prices are steady—sales at 23½a24c, closing at the latter rate—500 bbls sold at 24c.

TALLOW—Market dull. We quote Rendered at 7½a8c per lb.

TOBACCO—A very limited demand exists for Kentucky, at about former rates.

WOOL—The demand continues limited, and prices depressed.—*Bick. Reporter.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—The sales of Beef Cattle for the week, Thursday and to-day inclusive, were 900 head, at prices ranging according to quality from $6,50 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. The sales of Swine are considerably improving; about 520 Hogs were sold at from $4,25 to 5,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 250 sold as follows: $23 to 35 for fresh; $15 to 20 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs are selling at the following prices: $2 to 4 for the former, $1 to 3 for the latter.

NEW YORK, July 31.—At market 1700 Beef Cattle, 1500 from the South via Philadelphia; remainder from the North—80 Cows and Calves, and 4000 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle during the week have come in pretty freely, but we have no material change to note in prices. The sales made were mostly within the range of $6 to 7,50 per cwt, as in quality. At these rates there was a pretty brisk demand, though we noticed quite a number in the yards, left over unsold. A lot of 40 head were taken for export to Bermuda, and 50 driven to Brighton. Cows and Calves—Sales at from $18 to 27,50 to $37,50; all sold. Sheep and Lambs—We quote Sheep at from $1,25 to 2,50a4; Lambs $1a2,25a3,50; 250 left over. Hay—Sales at from 37½ to 50c per cwt. Straw—$2,50a3,75 per 100 bundles.

BALTIMORE, July 28.—Beef Cattle—The number of Cattle offered on Monday at the scales was 860, of which number our butchers bought 500 head, and the balance were sent to Philadelphia. The prices range from $2,25a3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4,50a5,75 nett, and averaging $2,65, which is a decline on last week's sales.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 29.

ASHES—Sales of about 100 bbls were made at $5 for Pots, and $6 for Pearls. The market closed steady.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The sales amounted to about 5a6000 bbls, in separate lots, including 1000 bbls Western, to arrive in August, at $4,75. 500 do Michigan, straight brands, at $4,87½, and 12a1500 do Oswego and this State, at $4,75, in separate lots; Southern remained about the same. Wheat—Sales of 5000 bushels Ohio were made on private terms; 500 do New Orleans at $1, and 2300 do Ohio sold at the same price.

CORN—The sales footed up about 30,000 bushels, in separate lots, including 10,000 bushels round yellow, at 60c; 15,000 do Virginia white, at 53½ cts; 1400 do mixed Jersey, at 50c; 15,000 do flat yellow, at 56 cts; 3000 do Western mixed heated, at 49½c, and 3000 do do, at 50c, and 1400 do New Orleans good quality, at 54c. Meal—The market for Brandywine continued firm, at $2,75a2,62½ for New Jersey. Rye—Sales of 1000 bushels were made on private terms, supposed to be at 51c, delivered; and 800 do, in the slip, at 70c. Rye Flour—Sales of about 100 bbls were made at $3,50. Oats—A cargo or two or canal sold at 47½a48c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of about 700 bbls were made, including about 500 bbls mess, at $11,25; and 200 do prime at $8,94. Beef—Small sales of mess and prime, were making at old prices. Sales of 15 tierces mess were made for export at $19. Lard—Sales of about 1000 kegs were made at 8¼c; and 400 bbls at 7a7½a7¾. A small lot of 9000 lbs smoked Hams, were made on private terms; 140 tierces do do sugar cured, were made at 6¼ cts; also 60 tcs and 30 hhds, were made at 7½ cts. Cheese and Butter remained dull, only light sales being made without change in prices.

REPUBLIC OF THE RIO GRANDE.—The following advertisement which has appeared in several of the New Orleans papers, is said to refer to the enterprise of establishing a new and independent Republic, extending from the Gulf several hundred miles back, and from the Rio Grande to the Sierra Madre:

"*Buffalo Hunt on the Rio Grande.*"—All those desirous of joining in the Buffalo Hunt upon the Rio Grande next fall, are requested to send in their names and address to the Grand Scribe of the O. O. O., on or before the first day of September next. They will state the number of persons in each party, their equipments, &c. Rifles, muskets, or "revolvers" must be furnished by each hunter. As the party may expect occasional attacks from the hostile Indians roaming in that section of country, it is recommended that each party should be organized and drilled before meeting at the rendezvous. It is expected that many friendly Mexicans, skillful in the sport, and acquainted with the habits and haunts of the *animal*, will join the party. Due notice of the time of meeting and the rendezvous will be given through the public press."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Owing to the failure of the Telegraph between this city and Washington, the last week, we are unable to supply our readers with a detailed account of the proceedings of Congress. The most important matter before the two Houses, has been the Territorial Bill, the fate of which we have stated in a separate article.

The debate in the Senate upon the bill, was a most able and exciting one. A very interesting scene occurred, when Mr. Dix, of New York, in the course of his speech produced an extract from Mr. Adams' Diary, and a paper found in Mr. Monroe's hand-writing, to show that the Cabinet of the latter were unanimously of opinion that Congress has the power to prohibit slavery in the territories. These opinions were given at the time of the adoption of the Missouri Compromise.

Mr. Calhoun said that he, for one, had given no such opinion.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, read the paper at President Monroe, to show that it did not warrant the construction put upon it by Mr. Dix.

Mr. Dix replied that he had presented written testimony which spoke for itself, and he would leave it where he found it.

Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, contended that the Supreme Court would not take the responsibility of deciding the question, even if the bill did pass. He said the effect of such a decision would be to lessen the estimation in which the Court was held in the minds of one-half of the country, whichever way the question was decided, and that the Court would not consent to be made a scapegoat and be "sent into the wilderness," for Congress.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, took a different view and addressed the Senate in support of the bill as the only olive branch on this exciting question. He spoke, not as a slaveholder, for he owned no slaves, and never expected to own any, having manumitted, long since, the few left him by his ancestry. He spoke as one knowing and feeling the rights of the South. He appealed to Mr. Corwin to go for the bill, and thus avoid making a direct issue between the North and the South, which could not be compromised if the bill were defeated.

Mr. Bell thought the bill was defective, and that it would not settle the question, for there was no certainty that the decision of the Supreme Court would be acquiesced in by those against whom it should be given.

After the disposal of this bill in the Senate, the bill to grant Mr. Whitney a hundred millions of acres of land, to enable him to construct a railroad to the Pacific, was knocked in the head on motion of Col. Benton. It surprises us that 21 Senators could have been found to vote for such a project. Land is not so plenty in this world, that a hundred millions of acres should be bestowed upon any man for any purpose.

On the 31st, Mr. Benton gave notice that he would ask for leave to introduce a brief bill, copied from the Act of 1794, to enable the President to establish temporary governments in Oregon and California, in case nothing better should be done.

Mr. Breese, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill to ascertain and settle titles to land in California, and grant donation rights to actual settlers.

Mr. Hannegan explained that he had not introduced the bill establishing the governments of Oregon, New Mexico and California in accordance with a notice given by him, because he had become satisfied that after the ordeal through which the question had already passed, that it would be in vain for any single member to attempt its advancement, and he thought it would be better to await the action of another Congress. As to nonunion, he believed that the American Union was held together with cords of steel, and could not be dissolved.

The Mileage Question came before the Senate, as the shape of an amendment by the House to the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, limiting the mileage of members to one thousand dollars! This amendment was concurred in by a vote of yeas 26, nays 16. We are pleased to chronicle the passage of such an amendment, though $1000 is ample mileage for any member of Congress. It certainly cannot cost even the members from Texas more than a couple of hundred dollars to travel to Washington.

In the House, a bill to establish a territorial government in Oregon is under discussion. The letter writers say it will probably pass, with the Wilmot Proviso attached to it. On the 31st, Mr. Smith, of Indiana, the Chairman of the Committee on Territories, closed the debate on the bill in a speech of an hour long, referring to the journals of the 28th Congress, where many Southern members then present voted in favor of prohibiting slavery in Oregon. He, however, explained that the war between Mr. Wilmot and Southern members was, he said was what had alarmed the South. When Mr. Smith had concluded, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

In case of the passage of this bill by the House, with the Wilmot Proviso attached to it, if it thought the Proviso will be stricken out by the Senate.

On motion of Mr. Butler King, the Committee of the Whole was discharged from the further consideration of the bill granting bounties of land to the Georgia, Alabama and Florida Railroad, by a vote of 113 yeas to 52 nays.

Mr. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, then moved to lay the bill upon the table. The motion was negatived, and the bill finally recommitted to the Public Lands Committee.

The House concurred in the amendment of the Senate to the joint resolution of adjournment. So Congress will adjourn on the 14th of August.

A SAD TALE.

A correspondent of the Milford (N. H.) Mirror relates the following. Is it possible that it can be true? We can better understand those tales of Caribbean wiles, when lately quoted in connection with the late insurrection at Paris, than such cold-blooded severity as this:

About two years ago, a wealthy and influential widower of forty-five, named Dr. ——, of Chelsea, lured an amiable and beautiful girl of eighteen, named Mary ——, to assume the care of his children and household. A few months after they were seen to ride several times out of the city. Only the fact would have been quite insulted by the bare supposition that the parties had been married in that place by an Episcopal clergyman. They returned as man and wife, and bore so lived till a short time since, when Dr. —— dismissed the unfortunate woman from his house, alleging that they had never been married. Whether she had utterly been deceived by a sham marriage, or had consented to the deceit, cannot be ascertained.

A poor victim, driven in disgrace from the house in which she had been so long regarded as a virtuous wife, and thus rendered an outcast from society, she dared not return to her relatives; the finger of scorn was pointed at her, and in whatever company she found herself she was looked and shunned. She could not endure this, and returned at night to the house of her destroyer, and begged persistently for shelter and protection, declaring that she had wandered long without food, and was starving. At length the cruel monster relented, not from the dread of attracting the attention of the neighborhood. She was fed and turned away, with direct orders never to show herself there again. She left—but where could she go? All day she wandered in the woods, and at night she crept into the only place where she could claim protection, and cried for a home. She was repelled, but the noise aroused the neighbors, who insisted that she should be allowed a shelter. Though against that she might, but should leave in the morning, a neighbor promising to take her to her nearest relatives. She went to her room, and in the morning was found in it, dead! Deserted, loathed, despairing, without a friend or a hope in the world, the wretched victim had committed suicide!

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 184—adults 63, and children 121.

Varieties.

Life at Sea.—A few days ago, a steamboat stopped at a wooding station here to take in wood. A customer on board the boat took his gun and stepped on shore, hoping that during the hour they were likely to stop, he might bag a few birds. After travelling a few rods he came across a rough looking fellow, and the following dialogue ensued:

"How are ye?"

"How are you, stranger?" replied the Arkansas man.

"Have you any game in these parts?"

"Oh, yes, plenty on 'em."

"What sort of game?"

"Well, most any sort, but principally *B-ag* and *Poker*."—*Pennsylvania.*

Lowell.—We learn from a statement put forth in the *Lowell Courier*, that there are now in that city 12 manufacturing companies, who own 47 mills, their capital invested varying from $216,000 to $2,000,000. Altogether, there are 301,297 spindles, and 9,749 looms. There are 8,636 females, and 2,993 males employed. They are manufactured, weekly, 1,020,000 yards of cotton, 21,291 yards of woollen, 6,000 carpets, and 40 rugs. 850,000 lbs. of cotton, and 62,000 lbs. of wool are worked up weekly; 77,810 gallons of oil, and 35,000 lbs. of lard consumed annually. Average wages per week, clear of board, of females, $2; per day, of males, 70 cents.

New York Boys.—A gentleman some weeks since advertised in the Tribune for a boy to work on his office. For about two days he was overrun with applicants. Irish, Dutch and Americans came in crowds to get the situation. On Saturday last, after having his patience exhausted with these in his employ, he advertised for "a boy who was in the habit of minding his mother," believing that if he could get such a one he would obey his employer. The number of applicants was *three!* This is virtually "owning up" on the part of the boys, and gives a pretty fair illustration of the "Scorpion up" of New York "boys."

SCRAPS

FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET BOOK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. X.

Man wishes to see himself, because he is vain. He shuns the sight of himself, because, being vain, he cannot bear the sight of his faults and miseries.

To make these opposite desires agree, he has recourse to an artifice worthy of his vanity, by which he finds the means of *satisfying* both at the same time; it is to cover his faults with a veil, and to efface them in some sort from the image which he forms of himself, and to leave to his view those qualities which raise him in his own eyes.

If he does not possess these good qualities, his imagination supplies the defect; and if he cannot find them in his own being, he seeks them in the opinions of others, or in some other things which he attaches to his own ideas, as if they made a part of them, and by means of this illusion, he is always absent from himself and present to himself. He examines himself continually, and never sees himself truly, because, instead of seeing himself, such as he is, he beholds only a phantom which he has formed.

A Captain looking at himself, sees a phantom on horseback, who commands soldiers.

A Magistrate sees a man to whom is attached some supposed dignity, revered by other men, because he may oblige them or annoy them.

A Congressman beholds one who is honored or taunted wherever he goes, because, by his vote or influence he may put another into office.

A Politician sees one who is revered and admired, because he may bestow political power.

A Miser looks upon himself in the midst of his treasures.

A Woman thinks herself an idol who charms by her beauty all who see her.

Few men dare to look at the bottom of their hearts without disguise. He who by his fellow man is considered faultless, finds much there which he would wish to conceal.

Most men think that they are peculiar because they are subject to something physical or moral which annoys them, and believe that other men are not subject to such like evils. Alas! they would find, had they the power of perception, a book in every heart where there dwells some regret.

Happiness is more equally divided than most people believe. He who has health and buoyancy of spirit, can well do without the wealth of another, who wants both; and yet the latter would not exchange with the former. BUBULCUS.

Items of News.

Americans in Paris.—Col. Thayer, who held a command in the National Guards, and was wounded in the late outbreak in Paris, was of Providence, R. I., origin. His father went to Paris in the time of the old revolution, and by the purchase of confiscated property became immensely rich. It was supposed that the confiscated estates would be finally restored, and that no respect would be paid to the titles of the revolutionary government; consequently they were sold very low. Among other property, he bought for a small price, the immense Montmorenci estates. The titles were all confirmed, and he became one of the richest men in France. His son, the one lately wounded, married a daughter of Marshal Bertrand.

The Dead Sea Expedition.—Letters received in Boston announce the completion of operations of the party sent out by our government to the Dead Sea. During their researches they sounded the sea in the depth of 600 fathoms, and found the bottom in all its parts encrusted with crystalized salt. Some of the specimens containing the net impression of the sea, and partridges on the shore. This, and the fact that though the party remained in camp near the sea for two months without suffering sickness, prove current stories to be fabulous.

Singular Will.—Don. Carlos Barlow, an Englishman, who lives in the bronx out on the 7th mile, in the city of Mexico, it has been reported, has destroyed himself through love for a lady with whom he had had no correspondence. In his dying moments he confirmed a will he had previously made, to which he left $1,000 to a friend, and the residue, the rest of his fortune, a certain servant in the capital, he bequeathed to the unconscious object of his passion.

The Potato Rot.—The potato rot is spreading to an alarming extent in the vicinity of Boston, the Traveller says, and threatens to make this succulent esse scarcer than it was the past season. Many farmers, in alarm, have commenced digging, and the supply of new potatoes in the market is unusually large, which has tended to bring down prices for the moment. It has been stated that the cutting off of the tops stayed the progress of the rot, but this remedy is not always effectual.

Conduct in the Late Insurrection.—It has been stated by English papers that a considerable number of convicts were behind the barricades in the late rebellion in Paris. Of seven thousand prisoners who have been examined, (and the records searched for evidence in the matter,) only one hundred were found to have been sentenced for crime, and only forty-five of these for infamous offences.

New Shots on the Sea.—A very large cluster of spots has just appeared, says a London paper, on the Eastern margin of the sun, which are measured to be 80,000 miles in length, and the whole cluster is visible to the naked eye, and is one of the largest ever observed, its length being calculated at 140,000 miles, and its breadth at 20,000.

First Cargo of Wheat.—A boat load of new Genesee wheat arrived down the valley yesterday. This is the first cargo of wheat which has arrived in the city. It was shipped at Moscow Landing, and bought at $1 06 per bushel, by Messrs. Beers & Knowles, of this city.—*Rochester, N. Y., Advertiser.*

Coloring Wood.—French cabinet makers can now make wood of any color they please, by letting the roots of the tree absorb the colored fluid the year before it is cut down. A solution of iron passed up one root, and of prussiate of potash up the other, will give the wood a permanent blue color.

Ireland.—An Irish girl was lately sentenced to a month's imprisonment, in Ireland, for beating her sister. Formerly, a conviction for any of the agitating incendiarism against one of their cousins. The motive of this crime was a desire to be sent to this country at the expense of the government.

Insanity.—It was found, by a careful investigation of the case of one patient at the Worcester Asylum, that traces of insanity had manifested themselves in *fifty-four generations!*

Sensible Will.—Hon. Caleb Barlow, an Englishman, who lives in the bronx out on the 7th mile, in the city of Mexico, it has been reported, has destroyed himself through love for a lady with whom he had had no correspondence. In his dying moments he confirmed a will he had previously made, to which he left $1,000 to a friend, and the residue, the rest of his fortune, a certain servant in the capital, he bequeathed to the unconscious object of his passion.

Cheap Living.—The *Boston Traveller* says that a man who will steal a good pen from an editor, would rob a sick baby of a stick of candy!

The result of the election which has just taken place in Corsica for a representative in the Assembly, has been the almost unanimous return of Prince Louis Napoleon, who obtained 53,993 votes, the entire number being only 59,427.

The late Woman's Convention at Seneca Falls adopted a declaration of sentiments, similar to the Declaration of American Independence. It declares that the history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurps on the part of man, in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over woman.

Ralph Waldo Emerson who has been on a lecturing tour to England and Scotland, has returned to the Europa.

LATEST NEWS!

CUBA.

The New Orleans Delta states positively that a revolt was to have taken place in Cuba on the 24th of June last, and that the *independence* of the Island, and its annexation to the United States, were to be declared. Circumstances, which are not related, occurred, which prevented the plan of revolt from being carried into effect at the time specified. The project was postponed—not abandoned. In this state of affairs, Don Gabriel Pedro Sanchez informed the Governor of Trinidad of the conspiracy, at the head of which was Gen. Narcisso Lopez, who succeeded in making his escape to the United States. He arrived at Providence, R. I., about a week ago. In consequence of the information furnished to the authorities, many arrests were immediately made of men of wealth and station in the Island.

In "*annexation to the United States ceases to be declared.*" That's cool. Do not the Cuban gentlemen know that in the marriage of States as well as of individuals, it takes two to make a bargain? How could they know Uncle Sam would be willing to have them, even with their Island as a bridal portion!

YUCATAN.

The war has taken a favorable turn for the Yucatecos. Several battles are recorded, in which the Indians have been signally defeated. At Tunkas, at Setuta, and at Kayal, although the latter were vastly greater in number, they were routed with terrible slaughter. The *Boletin*, in a summary of twenty-three encounters which it gives, estimates the killed of the enemy at 1027, and 203 made prisoners. The total loss of the Indians, for the month of June, amounts to 1540 men. At this rate, the Yucatecos will soon recover the ground they have lost.

The *Boletin* bitterly complains of Commodore Perry for designating the Yucatecos, in an official communication to our government, a *cowardly race: too cowardly to defend themselves.* With this recommendation, that paper remarks, "we can now add that Americans will rain on our soil, like hailstones."

Poor Yucatecos! it seems that, driven to the last refuge, even they can fight well.

MEXICO.

The news from Mexico is rather contradictory. Perhaps the most reliable account is one stating that Paredes had defeated Bustamente, and was on the march to Mexico. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Father Jarauta is said to have been severely wounded. Other accounts have it that Bustamente had only received a check instead of a defeat. The strangest reason for believing this last account, is that the American deserters are among the troops of Bustamente. There is even said to be a corps of the American forces, but one horse battalion, five companies of cavalry and the 1st artillery, the garrison of the place, to be embarked. It is probable that all the public property was withdrawn, and that the final evacuation took place, on or before the first of August.

RIOT AT ALLEGHANY.

There was a riot at Allegheny city on the 31st, among the factory operatives. A strike had taken place to force the mill proprietors to let the ten mills run ten hours per day, instead of eleven. They had resumed work in the Pennsylvania mills, notwithstanding the owners refused to grant their demands, and in consequence the other malcontents attacked the mill, broke the doors and windows, and finally dispersed the Sheriff's posse, called out to repress the outbreak. The Sheriff and several of the police officers, and other persons, were badly hurt. The operatives appear to have gained the day, and tears were entertained that they would proceed to further violence.

Political Intelligence

NOMINATION ACCEPTED.

The following is the correspondence between Mr. Morehead and Gen. Taylor, relative to his nomination by the Whig Convention.

GOV. MOREHEAD'S LETTER.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1848.

General Zachary Taylor:—Dear Sir:—At a Convention of the Whigs of the United States, held in this city on the 7th instant, and continued from day to day until the 9th, you were nominated a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, at the ensuing Presidential election.

By a unanimous vote of the Convention, it was made the duty of their President to communicate to you the result of their deliberations, and to request your acceptance of the nomination.

In obedience to said resolve, I, as the organ thereon designated, have the honor to make to you the foregoing communication, and to add that I enclose a copy of the proceedings.

Permit me, dear sir, to indulge the hope that he who retires with his own responsibility, nor fails to discharge any duty assigned him by his Government, will not now refuse the enthusiastic call of his fellow-citizens.

I am, dear sir, with sentiments of very high regard, your most obedient servant,

J. M. MOREHEAD,
President of the Whig National Convention.

Baton Rouge, July 13th, 1848.

Hon. J. M. Morehead, Greensboro', Guilford, Co., N. C.

Sir:—I had the honor to receive your communication of June 10th, announcing that the Whig Convention, which assembled at Philadelphia on the 7th of that month, and which, from the surrounding officer, has nominated me for the office of President of the United States. Looking to the composition of the Convention, to the vast numbers and patriotic constituents, I feel duly grateful for the honor bestowed upon me, and for the distinguished manner in which it has been conferred; the highest office in the gift of the American people.

I cordially accept that nomination, but with the sincere declaration that my fitness to fulfil the high office which demands for its exercise the most exalted abilities and patriotism, and which has been to common understanding, the highest object of my history; but should the selection of the Whig Convention be confirmed by the people, I shall enter on the high trust, relying on the support of Providence and my own honest purposes, and reposing upon me so as to meet the expectations of my fellow citizens, and preserve undiminished the prosperity and happiness of my country confided to me.

I have the honor to remain, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Dr. Duncan, of Cincinnati, announces himself a candidate for Congress, declaring that he is in favor of Gen. Cass, and "opposed to the introduction of slavery into any territory on this continent where slavery does not exist."

It is stated in an Ohio paper that Senator Corwin has declared his intention to take the stump for Gen. Taylor as soon as Congress adjourns.

A large meeting was held in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 4th, which it was agreed to support Gen. Taylor for President, and General Butler for Vice President.

The Independent Taylor Party of Maryland has been dissolved.

Hon. John Wentworth denies that he has bolted. He says he is for Cass and Butler.

THE NEW GOVERNOR.

Acting Governor Johnson was sworn into office at the Governor's rooms in the capitol, on the 26th ultimo. The heads of departments and a number of citizens were present. The oath was administered by General Packer, the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Townsend Haines, Esq., of West Chester, has been appointed Secretary of State. The Hon. James Cooper, of Adams county, has been tendered the Attorney generalship.

MR. VAN BUREN.

Mr. Van Buren has written a letter to the Land Reformers, in answer to interrogatories from them, to which he takes individually the same ground upon the question of the public lands as was taken by the Utica Convention—referring all who wish to know more of his sentiments upon this or any subject to his various letters, messages, &c.

Miscellaneous.

INFLUENCE OF PIGS.

How a pig, by his stupid obstinacy, involved our country in 1812 in a war with Great Britain, is thus very philosophically shown by a writer who is emphatically "great on the little school":

"Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who had lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel. And so it happened, one was the owner of a pig, who had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the next neighbor. The latter, of the democratic persuasion and patriotic constituents, I feel duly grateful for the honor bestowed upon me, and for the distinguished manner in which it has been conferred; the highest office in the gift of the American people.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

LOVE'S ASPIRATION.

BY MARY NOEL MACDONALD.

What shall I ask for thee,
Beloved, when at the silent eve or golden morn
I seek the Eternal Throne on bended knee,
And to th' God of Love my soul is borne,
Ascending through the angel-guarded air,
On the swift wings of Prayer?

What shall I ask? the bliss
Of earth's poor votaries? pleasures that must fade
As dew from summer blossom? Oh! for this
Thy fresh young spirit, dear one, was not made:
Purer and holier must its blessings be—
I ask not this for thee.

For though the rose is bright,
A thorn lies hidden 'neath its crimson bloom;
The meteor-rays which fling their dazzling light
Over such pathway, cheat while they illume,
And Pleasure's voice—oh, may the syren strain
Fall on thine ear in vain!

Nor yet that Wealth should fling
Its golden trappings round thee, would I pray;
Wrapped in its folds of pride, the serpent's sting;
Within its sparkling chalice, who can say
What poison lurks?—torn from the glittering shrine,
I pray not it be thine.

A better, happier lot,
Would Love ask for thee, dearest—calm and fair
Thy quiet life-path, and believing not
Its roses thornless—so a mother's prayer
Would crave an angel's guidance, whose soft wing
A healing balm may bring.

A hopeful trusting heart,
Be that thy blessed gift—a spirit meek—
A faith to look through clouds, and see them part,
And the bright future gleam, when God shall speak
And bid the waves "be still." Oh, such will be
My heart's warm prayer for thee.

For thee, fair child, for thee,
In thy fresh budding girlhood, shall my prayer
Go up unceasing, that the witchery
Of earthly tones alluring, may not snare
Thy heart from purer things—but God's own Hand
Lead to the Better Land.

Ever shall Love for thee
Implore Heaven's best and holiest benison,
In perfect peace—that peace, which cannot be
The gift of Earth; for this when upward borne
My soul grows earnest angel lips of flame
May echo thy sweet name.

Aye, in their world of light
Immortal voices catch a mother's prayer,
And while I kneel, some waiting seraph bright,
Swift on expanded wing, the boon may bear,
And soft as falling dew-drops, kindly shed
Heaven's Peace o'er thy young head.

Life in the East.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS MARTINEAU'S 'EASTERN LIFE.'

"I always thought," says she, "and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and root his own dwelling; and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre helpless beings whose prerogative lies wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature." This reflection was recalled to her memory when ascending the cataract of the Nile, where "a boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sand-hill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys popped in the currents; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles, when the kandjia approached a [illegible] of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat, they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry 'baksheesh.' I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an imposing sight."

Our author's descriptions of the monuments of Egypt are always happy, but their picture of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs is curious for its brevity. In the days of Abdallatif, the ruins occupied the space of half a day's journey every way, and the learned physician of Bagdad was in ecstasies of admiration at the splendor of the sculptures. "At the end of seven centuries," says Miss Martineau, "the aspect of the place is this. From the village of Mitrahenny (which now occupies the site) can be seen only palm woods, a blue pond, rushes, and a stretch of verdant ground, broken into hollows, where lie a single colossus, a single capital of a column, a half-buried statue of red granite, twelve feet high, and some fragments of granite strewn among the palms. This is all of the mighty Memphis!"

In her visit to the mummy-pits, idealising and explaining all things as usual, she endeavors to account for the funeral pomp and religious worship lavished upon cats and birds, by the reverence of the Egyptians for *instinct*, but she fails to show what claim these animals had, upon this principle, above the camel, the horse, or the ass. This is one of those spots on her varied map on which it would have been better to have written words analogous to the *terra incognita* of geographers. But such prudence would not have suited her intellectual habits—perhaps not her organisation. A curious proof of the peculiarity of the latter is given in her description of the ascent of the Pyramid. She forgot to take with her that instrument usually so indispensable to an absolutely deaf person—her ear-trumpet; but although eagerly conversing for nearly an hour with those around her, as might be expected in such new and exciting circumstances, she found no difficulty in hearing till she got down again to common life on the ordinary level of the desert! The view from the Pyramid, after all the fatigue of the ascent and descent—for there appears to be no real danger—is described in a sentence or two, and is probably not worth the trouble it costs.

In taking leave of ancient Egypt, our author gives a picture of its life, which, although interesting, has not novelty enough to tempt us to extract at length. This Egypt is buried in sand; but the desert has answered to the interrogatories of learning and science, and we all know now that the ladies before the flood, lounged on chaises longues, and knitted, and netted, and darned as ours do; and that the little girls had dolls, and instead of yelping bow-wows, little wooden crocodiles with snapping jaws. We know, too, that some two thousand years before Abraham's visit to Memphis, the people worshipped one supreme God, whose favor in this life, and acceptance by him hereafter, were held forth as the great desiderata of human beings. Their passage through death to immortality was pronounced by a divine benefactor, who had become the judge of the quick and the dead. Their notions of creation were drawn from the phenomena of the Nile; and they were "taught that every mind, whether of man or brute, was an emanation from the Supreme; and that the body was only its abode and instrument; the soul being, from its nature and derivation, immortal."

Cairo is a threadbare subject; but Miss Martineau even there contrives to amuse us. "The little rogues of donkey boys were always ready and eager close by the hotel, hustling each other to get the preference—one displaying his English with 'God save the Queen ros bif!' another smiling amiably in one's face, and others kicking and scuffling, as people who had a prior right, and must resent [illegible] of encroachers."

In Cairo, Miss Martineau gets into a passion about polygamy; and notwithstanding the schooling she had previously given her mind as to all sorts of liberality, she fairly declares that "if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists; and that as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side, some one redeeming quality; and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy, but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it, the more is one's mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one's heart feel as if it would break." The following scene from her visit to a harem, gives an idea of the native ladies. "But the great amusement was my trumpet. The eldest widow, who sat next me, asked for it, and put it to her ear, when I said 'Bo!' When she had done laughing, she put it into her next neighbor's ear, and said 'Bo!' and in this way it came round to me again. But in two minutes it was asked for again, and went round a second time, everybody laughing as loud as ever at each 'Bo!' and then a third time. Could one have conceived it? The next joke was on behalf of the Jewesses, four or five of whom sat in a row on the deewan. Almost everybody else was puffing away at a chibouque or a nargeeleh, and the place was one cloud of smoke. The poor Jewesses were obliged to decline joining us, for it happened to be Saturday; they must not smoke on the Sabbath. They were naturally much pitied; and some of the young wives did what was possible for them. Drawing in a long breath of smoke, they puffed it forth in the faces of the Jewesses, who opened mouth and nostrils eagerly to receive it. Thus was the Sabbath observed to shouts of laughter."

So much for Egypt and its faith, and its life, present and past. The book relating to Sinai is quite as suggestive of reflection, but not very rich in extractable matter. Moses is of course its hero—that mortal but little less than divine, who brought forth into the desert a crowd of abject slaves, and converted them into a powerful nation; and who threw open to his meanest countrymen the loftiest mysteries of the Egyptian temple, converting the Israelites, in the midst of the gross darkness of the time, into a really "peculiar" people. Our travellers followed, as well as they could, the track of the wandering Hebrews through the wilderness; and in their journey to Petra, Miss Martineau's recollections of biblical story are mingled with later events. "We felt ourselves verily now among the haunts of Esau and his tribe, and of the children of Ishmael, whose hand was against every one, as every one's hand was against them; and when, a little further on, we stopped in a hollow of the hills to rest, it was strange to remember who came here in later days, and what an extraordinary depot this was for the merchandise of the East for a course of centuries. Up this pass came long trains of camels, laden with the silks, muslins, spices, and ivory of India, and the pearls of Arabia, and amber, gold, and apes from Abyssinia, and all the fine things that the luxury of Europe derived from the far East. These all came through Petra, and were lodged there for rest, and for no little traffic, as in a place wholly inaccessible by any foe. The eagle might pounce upon the kid among the areas of Petra, and the lightnings might dart down from the summits; but no human enemy could enter to steal, or arrow from human hand to destroy. Up this pass, then, had wound many a caravan laden with Oriental wealth; and in this hollow had rested perhaps many a company in ambush, and no doubt many a baffled foe. These single trees, perched on fantastic heights, were some of them old enough to have been living in those days—landmarks to the traveller, and signal stations to the desert warrior."

"I was altogether disappointed in the silk goods of Damascus. I saw very few articles that I thought pretty, more or less, though the fabric was substantial enough. There was a vulgarity about the patterns—especially about those which were the most costly—which perplexed me till I learned the secret. The famous old Damascus patterns, the inheritance of centuries, and of which every Damascene is proud, have been imitated by our Manchester manufacturers, so as to become quite familiar to English eyes. The effect of this in Damascus is curious. The inhabitants import our cotton goods largely; and when they see their own patterns again, the gentlemen think they look as well as their own heavy silks; and they make their wives wear them instead, greatly to the discontent of the ladies. The saving of the Damascene husbands is very great; as indeed it must be, if we consider the cost of dressing a dozen women in one house—wives and hand-maids—in such costly articles as the heavy silks of Damascus. For my own part, I would rather wear Manchester cottons."

FIGHTING FRENCH WOMEN.

The French have no fear; are quick in thought and decision; and always act in concert, under a chief of division. They commence this system of order and discipline in their infancy, among both female and male; and the one is about as well trained in this respect as the other. All the French women stand ready, at a moment's warning, to put on pantaloons, and fight in the ranks of the army for France; and there would be no more hesitation on their part than in performing their daily duties. Ask any French woman if she would put on men's apparel, and take her place in the ranks? and she will answer yes, with an expression, if nothing more, of surprise that any one could doubt it. I have no question that one hundred thousand such volunteers could be had at the tap of the drum, to invade England, in case of war, and an insufficiency of men for this purpose. All the women who go in the army now, wear pants and a coat coming down to their knees, a hat tied with tri-colored ribbon, and their entire dress in uniform with the regiments to which they belong. I have seen great numbers of them carrying their muskets and swords, and marching with as firm a step and soldierlike air as any man in the platoon; and wherever they are seen they are always finely dressed in their uniform. Walking alone in the ranks, or in company with a soldier, they exhibit the same proud and military air, a dignified and soldier-like appearance; and their conduct is as decorous, and their language as circumspect, as any officer on the field. There is no sense of degradation existing, either on their part, or on that of the community towards them. Indeed, perhaps the most of them are the wives of soldiers; at all events, they have learned the duties of a soldier, and a decorum of conduct, which they never forget. From the specimens of female soldiers which I have seen so frequently, I can well understand and appreciate the heroism of Joan of Arc, her pride of character, and the wonderful deeds of daring which she accomplished, and the victories which she achieved. Rely upon it, that same spirit now exists among the French women; and they give up their friends, or themselves to battle, with a joy and a spirit that is limited by no other considerations than that of their country and their country's honor. When I used to read of the victories of Joan of Arc, and her feats of military prowess, I regarded them as fancy sketches in a great measure; but I can now see that material exists in Paris and France to form an army in a week more than a hundred thousand strong, of just such material, who would not be in any respect her inferior. They wait their time; hence the difficulty of controlling such spirits, male or female, by coercion, and the daring with which they express and act upon their political sentiments, as children or adults; and the fearless manner in which they expose their persons and their lives, to give effect to their sentiments. The wife of Marshall Lannes was one of these soldier women, and she was as brave and gallant as her husband, and generally wore her uniform dress. She once called upon Josephine, when she was Empress, in this costume, and was received by her with all that consideration which the affection of Napoleon for her husband would entitle her to.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Wit and Humor.

THE DISTRESSED COCKNEY.

Not many years since, an Englishman, by the name of Henry Ogden, came out from Yorkshire as agent for several manufacturing houses. His operations here were to be directed by the letters which he was to receive from his principals, and which were to be sent by every vessel that came out. After his arrival, he made himself acquainted with the road to the post-office, and quietly settled himself down to await the arrival of letters. When the first vessel arrived, he went to the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for *Enry Hogden*. The clerk went and looked, and returned for answer—"No, sir; no letters for *Enry Hogden.*"

The next day there was another arrival from England, and Mr. Ogden went again to the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for Enry Hogden. The clerk, after looking, returned the same answer as before: "No, sir; no letters to-day for Enry Hogden."

Vessels continued to arrive every few days, and Mr. Ogden continued to go to the post-office and return with the same disappointment, until he worked himself up into a perfect frenzy. He was sure there must be some mistake about it, and he was determined to find it out. He accordingly went to the post-office next day, and demanded of the clerk that he should make a more thorough search for letters for Enry Hogden, and watching him narrowly, saw him go to the H pigeon-hole. Yorkshire, in his vexation, called out to him—

"Why, you blamed fool, Hogden don't begin with a *haitch*—it begins with a *ho!*"—*N. Y. Atlas.*

AN ANECDOTE.—The Southern Literary Messenger has the following:—

"A Mr. Lee, member of the Virginia House of Delegates, wore a wig, with a long queue, in the old fashion. A waggish brother member, (Roberts of Culpeper) one day saw Lee wriggling in his seat; and trying to catch the speaker's eye, that he might rise and make a speech. R. dexterously tied the queue to the high back of the bench on which L. sat—and such as all that House sat on, till within the last ten or twelve years. The next moment, a favorable juncture came, and Mr. Lee rose eagerly, exclaiming, "Mr. Speaker!"—but his wig came off, and turning to Roberts, he in the same breath cried out, "You're a fool!" The House roared of course.

A SHARP YOUTH AT A BARGAIN.—"Sally," said a green youth in a veritable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, perhaps more; "Sally, 'afore we go into this 'ere museum, to see the boa constrictor, I want to ask you somethin'."

"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"

"Why, you see this 'ere business is a gwine to cost a quarter apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much money for nuthin'. Now, if you say you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the bill on't my self. I will, pos-a-tiv-ely!"

Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid down the "bill on't."

CHALLENGING A JURY.—An Irish officer, not very conversant in law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the mayor, told him, that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objections, that was the time to challenge them.

"I thank your lordship," said the brave prisoner; "but with your lordship's permission, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the piper of Leinster, I'll challenge every mother's son of them, and have 'em out, too!"

A SIMPLE ANSWER TO A POLITE QUESTION.—"Can I show you anything more to-day, sir?" asked the civil gentleman behind the counter of his worthy customer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago?"

LADY.—"You wish to leave—really it's very inconvenient. Pray—have you any reason to be dissatisfied with your place?"

Servant.—"Oh, dear no, ma'am—not dissatisfied exactly; but—a—the fact is, ma'am, you don't keep no vehicle, and I find I miss my carriage exercise."

A Sketch by Bulwer.

FROM "HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS."

THE BOW AND THE AXE.

BY E. L. BULWER.

One day, as, during a short truce with the defenders of the place they were besieging, the Normans were diverting their leisure with martial games, in which Taillefer shone pre-eminent; while Harold and William stood without their tent, watching the animated field, the duke abruptly exclaimed to Mallet de Graville, "Bring me my bow. Now, Harold, let me see if thou canst bend it."

The bow was brought, and Saxon and Norman gathered round the spot.

"Fasten thy glove to yonder tree, Mallet," said the duke, taking that mighty bow in his hand, and carefully feeling the string.

Then he drew the arc to his ear; and the tree itself seemed to shake at the shock, as the shaft, piercing the glove, lodged half way in the trunk.

"Such are not our weapons," said the earl; "and ill would it become me, unpractised, so to peril our English honor, as to strive against the arm that could bend that arc and wing that arrow. But, that I may show these Norman knights that at least, we have some weapon wherewith we can parry shaft and smite assailer, bring me forth, Godrith, my shield and my Danish axe."

Taking the shield and axe which the Saxon brought to him, Harold then stationed himself before the tree.

"Now, fair duke," said the earl, "choose thou the longest shaft—bid thy ten doughtiest archers take their bows; round this tree will I move, and let each shaft be aimed at whatever space in my mailless body I leave unguarded by my shield."

"No," said William, hastily; "that were murder."

"It is but the common peril of war," said Harold, simply, as he walked to the tree.

The blood mounted to William's brow, and the lion's thirst of carnage parched his throat.

"And he will have it so," said he, beckoning to his archers, "let not Normandy be shamed. Watch well, and let every shaft go home; avoid only the head and the heart; such orgulous vaunting is best cured by blood-letting."

The archers nodded and took their post, each at a separate quarter; and deadly, indeed, seemed the danger of the earl, for, as he moves, though he kept his back guarded by the tree, some parts of his form the shield left exposed, and it would have been impossible, in his quick-shifting movements, for the archers so to aim as to wound, but to spare life; yet the earl seemed to take no particular care to avoid the peril; lifting his bare head fearlessly above the shield, and including in one gaze of his steadfast eye, calmly bright even at the distance, all the shafts of the archers.

At one moment five of the arrows hissed through the air, and with such wonderful quickness had the shield turned to each, that three fell to the ground blunted against it, and two broke on its surface.

But William, waiting for the first discharge, and seeing full mark at Harold's breast as the buckler turned, now sent forth his terrible shaft. The noble Taillefer, with a poet's true sympathy, cried, "Saxon, beware!" but the watchful Saxon needed not the warning. As if in disdain, Harold met the shaft with his shield, but swinging high the mighty axe, (which with most men required both arms to wield it,) he advanced a step, and clove the rushing arrow in twain.

Before William's loud oath of wrath and surprise left his lips, the five shafts of the remaining archers fell as vainly as their predecessors against the nimble shield.

Then advancing, Harold said, cheerfully, "This is but defence, fair Duke—and little worth the axe if it could not smite as well as ward. Wherefore, I pray you, place upon yonder broken stone pillar, which seems some relic of Druid heathenesse, such helm and shirt of mail as thou deemest most proof against sword and pertuisan, and judge then if our English axe can guard well our English land."

"If thy axe can cleave the helmet I wore at Bavent, when the Franks and their King fled before me," said the Duke, grimly, "I shall hold Canute in fault, not to have invented a weapon so dread."

And striding back into his pavillion, he came forth with the helm and shirt of mail, which was worn stronger and heavier by the Normans, as fighting usually on horseback, than by Dane and Saxon, who, mainly fighting on foot, could not have endured the cumbrous burthen: and if strong and dear generally with the Norman, judge what solid weight that mighty Duke could endure!—With his own hand William placed the mail on the ruined Druid stone, and on the mail the helm.

Harold looked long and gravely at the edge of the axe; it was so richly gilt and damasquined, that the sharpness of its temper could not well have been divined, under that holiday glitter. But this axe had come to him from Canute the Great, who himself, unlike the Danes, small and slight,* had supplied his deficiency of muscle by the finest dexterity, and the most perfect weapons. Famous had been that axe in the delicate hand of Canute—how much more tremendous in the ample grasp of Harold! Swinging now in both hands this weapon, with a peculiar and rapid whirl, which gave it an inconceivable impetus, the Earl let fall the crushing blow; at the first stroke, cut right in the centre, rolled the helm; at the second, through all the woven mail (cleft asunder, and if the slightest, filagree work of the goldsmith,) shore the blade, and a great fragment of the stone itself came tumbling to the sod.

The Normans stood aghast, and William's face was as pale as the shattered stone. The great Duke felt even his matchless dissimulation fail him; nor, unused to the special practice and craft which the axe required, could he have pretended, despite a physical strength superior even to Harold's, to rival blows that seemed to him more than mortal.

"Lives there any man in the wide world, whose arm could have wrought that feat?" exclaimed Bruce, the ancestor of the famous Scot.

"Nay," said Harold, simply, "at least thirty thousand such men have I left at home! But this was but the stroke of an idle vanity, and strength becomes ten-fold in a good cause."

The Duke heard, and fearful lest he should betray his sense of the latent meaning couched under his guest's words, he hastily muttered forth reluctant compliment and praise; while Fitzosborne, De Bohun, and other chiefs more genuinely knightly, gave way to unstrained admiration.

* Canute made his inferior strength and stature his excuse for not meeting Edward Ironside in single combat.

Selected Articles.

SONG FOR MY OWN LOVE.

FROM THE DUBLIN NATION.

Oh! come to me, asthore machree!
I love you more than my heart can tell!
I've not a thought in the night or day
But to prove how deep and well.
The softest green of the summer trees,
The sweetest strain of the wild bird's song,
The holiest sunbeam that lights the sky,
Were welcome small for the *one* whom I
Have worshipped and wept so long!

There's none I know, on earth below,
Could treasure and dote on my love like me;
The laughter and tears of my inmost soul
Rush on in a stream to thee.
There's hardly place in my heart's deep cell
To hold the wealth that on thee I'd pour.
And I sit alone all the long, long hours,
While a heaving joy swells through tearful showers,
In my fondness for you, asthore.

Then come to me, cushla machree!
You're left by the world to me *alone*;
And wild and bright is my joy and pride
When I think of my darling one!
I know not how I can greet you best—
I know not how I can most adore,
But in winged delight still I rove along,
With a dreamy step and a voice of song,
Waiting for you, asthore!

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.

We have seen a new curiosity in the vegetable kingdom, which is becoming an object of interest to the fashionable world. We understand that many specimens of it have been sent to our National Institute. It is a nut, and called the "vegetable ivory, or nut of the ivory plant." The shell or outer covering of the nut, is scarcely thicker than that of the common hazel, and of a similar color, and is so extremely hard that no instrument can readily make an impression on it. It is classed among the family of palms, and is common in the Maccaroon islands, where it is called tagua plant. It is about half as large again as the horse chesnut. The kernel, in its early state, includes a limpid liquor, which becomes milky and sweet, and at length acquires the solidity of ivory, which it very much resembles in color, polish and consistency. The English are manufacturing a variety of fancy articles out of the nut, which is said to be superseding the elephant ivory. One quality of this nut is said to be, that its shavings may be boiled into a milky liquor, and not at all gelatinous; and we should not be astonished if some of our ingenious countrymen were to find out some method of reducing large masses of it to the liquid form, and then moulding it into beautiful ornaments of a size much larger than those which are made of the animal ivory.—*Washington Union.*

ÆSOP AND THE ASS.—The ass said to Æsop, "When you bring forth again a story concerning me, let me say something reasonable and sensible."

"Then something sensible?" replied Æsop, "how would that suit? Would not men say that then wert the moralist and I the ass?"

AN ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

Life is made up of romance, and scarcely any one is to be found, who cannot tell some remarkable event that marks an era in his existence. In large and populous cities, where crime is most rife, the thrilling scenes through which many are destined to pass, would, if narrated, far exceed in interest the creation of the fancy, and almost exceed belief. Virtue is there frequently exhibited under a forbidding exterior, while vice lies concealed under the most beautiful and attractive:—even education fails, in many instances, to eradicate inherent propensities, and females are met with, who lure you, like the syrens of old, to ruin and death; in confirmation of which I shall proceed to relate an incident that was narrated by a medical man, of high standing and reputation in his profession; a man of extensive travel, well known by the name of the Hadge, from his having assumed the Turkish garb, to facilitate his journey over land, through Turkey to Hindostan, a perilous undertaking at that time, and seldom successfully performed. Many had been his escapes from death during his pilgrimage, but none had given him so much cause for alarm, as the one below recorded.

Some thirty or forty years ago, having to visit a distant part of the world, I embarked on board a ship in which were several other passengers, including the doctor. As is usual, anecdotes and tales were alternately related to beguile the tedious hours, among them was the one lately recorded in the Home Journal, (and copied into the Post.) After commenting upon the fortunate escape of the naval officer, the doctor recited the following incident which occurred to himself—of its truth there can be no doubt, as an examination of the books at the police office, will testify to the fact; besides which the friend whom he named, was well known to all the officers of the ship in which we were taking our passage.

On his arrival in London, after a long absence abroad, he went one evening to the Italian opera, habited a la costume, that is in silk stockings and pumps, with a chapeau de bras, no person being allowed admission except in full dress either to pit or boxes. Having neglected to purchase a ticket, he found it difficult to procure a seat; but upon applying the usual douceur to the box-keeper, he was ushered into a box, where sat a lady by herself, to whom he related his embarrassment, and was politely requested to take a seat. Finding her to be young and handsome, he congratulated himself upon his good fortune, and had still greater cause to do so, when he discovered that she was as intelligent as beautiful. The conversation was maintained with considerable spirit, during the intervals of the performance. At the close of the representation the doctor inquired if she had any conveyance waiting, to which she answered that her carriage was, no doubt, at the door, and the footman would come for her. A considerable time having elapsed, and no footman arriving, the doctor offered to accompany her down stairs, to which she consented, but no footman coming, she presumed that the carriage must have returned home under the impression that she had left the opera with some of her friends. A hack was, consequently called, and at her request he accompanied her. The coach, according to her directions, was driven towards a part of the city with which the doctor was entirely unacquainted, and upon arriving at a turnpike, which he afterwards found was near the King's Bench Prison, the lady expressed a wish to alight, as she was near her home, and her mother would be angry if she saw her accompanied by a gentleman. At this time it rained considerably, and the streets were very muddy; independent of the interest he began to feel in the matter, the doctor's gallantry would not allow him to desert the lady at that late hour of the night, though neither were habited to "abide the pelting of the pitiless storm." After threading their way through several bye streets, and perfectly saturated with wet, they at length arrived at a house situated back from the street, with a garden in front, which the lady stated to be her residence, and requested the doctor to enter and dry his clothes previous to his returning, which offer being accepted, she opened the door with a key in her possession, and after procuring a light from a side room, ushered the doctor up stairs to the second story, where, placing the candle on a table, she requested him to wait until she could apprise her mother of his presence, and explain its cause.

The room was slightly furnished with a couch, a table, and two chairs, and not by any means in accordance with the costume and apparent gentility of the lady. Having waited nearly half an hour, and no lady making her appearance, his patience became exhausted, and his suspicions aroused; he examined every part of the room carefully, and found no cause of alarm, except that the windows were barred and would not admit of egress. Tired out at last, he took off his pumps, and cautiously descended the stairs to listen for some sound, but all was silent; he tried the front door, but that was locked, and the key taken away.—Just at this moment, he heard the garden gate open and footsteps advancing—he placed himself in a position so as to be behind the door when it was opened, trusting to the darkness for not being discovered. As the key was applied to the door, one of the men outside observed,—"we have him safe enough, now he cannot escape us." The door being cautiously and noiselessly opened, two men entered, closing it again without locking, and passing on to a second, which the doctor had not before perceived, which they carefully locked, thus leaving him between the two. He waited until they had struck a light, and were going up stairs, when opening the front door, he ran into the street in his stocking feet, and went in search of a watchman; but those watchful guardians had, it is presumed, purposely disposed themselves at a distance, for it was some time before he could find one, and then, being bewildered by the many turnings he had made, he could not discover the house, and was compelled, after a search of two hours, to give it up, and proceed to the lodgings of a friend, distant four miles from the spot, where he waked up at four o'clock in the morning, to devise means whereby to bring to punishment the villains who had designed to rob and murder him. His friend attended him to the Bow Street Police Office, and upon stating the transaction, an officer was ordered to accompany them, but though they continued the search, for four successive days, the doctor was unable to discover the house, from his having been purposely conveyed by the fiend in female shape through so many devious ways, as utterly to confuse him.

For several nights he attended the opera, in hopes of again seeing his beautiful deceiver, but without success; neither did the box-keeper know anything about her; she had acted as a decoy, and the victim having escaped the snare, the fear of detection had for a season, probably, saved the lives of others who might have been less fortunate.

In pulling down some houses for improvement in the neighborhood, some two or three years afterwards, several bodies were found under the kitchen floor of one, which created much excitement; whether, however, it was the one to which the doctor had been allured, he could not tell, though it was in that vicinity where the incident occurred. This narrow escape from death made him exceedingly cautious in avoiding all such transitory acquaintances up to the time in which he narrated his escape. Since which he has resigned his life into the hands of his Maker.

MISCHIEVOUS SCHOOLBOYS.

We perceive an amusing and not uninstructive article on "Mischievous Boys" in the Glasgow Trainer's Monthly Record. The writer thinks that mischievous schoolboys have never had justice done them—they are called "good-for-nothing young rascals," whereas they are good for something, if teachers and parents only knew how to draw the good out of them. The true way of going to work with boisterous overbearing boys is to divert their energies into some useful channel; severity of discipline is unavailing, and perhaps only makes bad worse. We shall extract a few passages on the subject.

"Many melancholy examples might be given of the serious effects of [school] mismanagement of this kind on the after-life of some of the most gifted men our country's science and literature can boast. Punishment may coerce the tongue into silence—it may pinion the outward conduct—but the inward is beyond its power. The very force that squares the external actions by a series of compressions, stirs up rebellion within, excites the busy workings of the heart to belie the arm and the tongue, it encourages the constant frown, it educates the secret determination of revenge, it trains to a continuous sullen obstinacy of character, and not unfrequently converts the generous and openly mischievous boy into that most hopeless of all characters—the doggedly and sneakingly mischievous.

"The recollections of every one will readily furnish many examples of the conflict here referred to, as maintained between the mischievous boy and the master. Have you ever seen, reader, such a boy, charged with faults in which he had no share, refusing either to plead guilty himself or to criminate others, standing calm and collected in the midst of a school of sympathising faces, before a teacher enraged, and helpless because enraged? Do you not remember, as lash after lash fell brutally on the boy's head or hand, and he struggled with the heroism of a martyr to keep back the tear that was forcing itself into shape in his eye, how every scholar felt as if he could spring upon the master and bear him to the earth? Never did this boy, the victim of the master's wrath, stand out so boldly as an example to the school. The master rendered this very punishment the means of greater mischief than ever the boy wrought; the scholars loved the one, and hated the other; and deservedly did they hate him.

"Far be it from me to look lightly on the conduct of the mischievous boy, or to attempt to extenuate his errors. All that I plead for is, that an effort be made to understand his character; that it be analysed and examined without prejudice, and with the sole desire of his good; and that when the ruling principle of his moral nature has been discovered, and separated from the others, it be mildly, yet firmly guided into healthful exercise. If he is fond of power, for example, let him have charge of some of the playground amusements, and the importance of his office will lessen the boisterousness of his manners. If he is fond of combinations, and causes incessant confusion, by arranging, in the intervals of school exercise, copies, or slates, or forms, after some newfangled methods of his own—the summary infliction of punishment, if he happens to be caught in the midst of his arrangements, will do no good; it will only drive him to seek, in less innocent, because more hidden amusement, the morbid gratifications arising from the muscular and intellectual exercise of his favorite pursuits. Let him have charge of the mechanical economy of the school, and have carefully shown him the order of everything, and I venture to affirm that not even a pen will be allowed to remain out of its place. It is unnecessary to multiply hints like these.

"When he is gratified in this way, and won to the master's side—when the teacher has thus thrown himself into the spirit of the boy, he can mould, and direct, and restrain at will this excessive love of power. When the moral character is thus led, the boy works cheerfully, his ruling intellectual faculty soon discovers itself, and the master is enabled to strengthen those other faculties that would lie unexercised, on account of the unvarying gratification furnished by the one class of favorite intellectual pursuits. By a simple, forbearing method of this kind, the openly mischievous boy, the "thorn in the school," "the plague of the master's life," may become one of the most powerful and pleasant instruments in his hand for the regulation of others; and a mind that would have been withered or gnarled by a dignified, unbending Dombey-like chilliness, may *bourgeon* and blossom, and become richly laden with fruit."

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE SAILOR'S EARLY HOME.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

Away, away, o'er the dashing spray,
My barque speeds light and free,
And the piping gale through the straining sail,
Whistles loud in its merry glee;
And the stars at night, with lustre bright,
Shine out o'er the vast expanse,
And the moon from her throne on high looks down
On the restless billows' dance.

There's a charm to the eye when the waves leap high,
And a music in their roar,
And the stars as they shine in their sphere divine,
A joy on the spirit pour.
But the sea in its might, and the stars with their light,
That glance on the crested foam,
Cannot make me gay, for my thoughts are away,
In my childhood's early home.

And dreams come fast of the blissful past,
Ere my heart had felt or known
The ills of life, and the cares and strife
That oppress and weigh it down:
Or experience, bought by suffering, taught
The lesson sad and drear,
That each sparkling joy finds its sad alloy,
And hope is chilled by fear.

In a quiet nook, by a gentle brook,
Stands that home to memory dear,
And the purling stream, as it glides in the beam
Of the sun, shines bright and clear
I am there again with a happy train,
The same who in other years,
Hold their festive play with spirits gay,
And eyes undimmed by tears.

Those years as they passed, have shadows cast
On them as they have on me,
And none remain who swelled the strain
Of joy, 'neath the household tree.
And I weep as the thought with sadness fraught
Settles dark on my troubled brain,
That the bliss I proved and the friends I loved,
Shall never be mine again

To the churchyard nigh—where the wild winds sigh,
With a low and mournful tone—
And the peaceful rest of earth's tranquil breast,
The cherished ones are gone
There, clustering round, in that hallowed ground,
Affection's tablets stand;
And the last stone reared on that spot endeared,
Was raised by my trembling hand

Away, far away, o'er the dashing spray,
My barque bears me fast and free,
And my destiny lies under other skies
Than those so loved by me.
And downward space, o'er my storm-beaten face,
Tears fall like the summer rain,
As my thoughts wander back from my ocean track,
To the home I shall ne'er see again

THE "HULKS" OF BERMUDA.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know something about the place where the Irish Patriot, Mitchell, is condemned to linger out his days in confinement on board of a prison-ship. They are truly named "Hulks," and I would add loathsome hulks, too. I was once a prisoner of war, and confined on board of them, and have a most vivid recollection of those floating castles.

The Bermudas, or Somers' Islands, are a small group, situated about half-way between Nova Scotia and the Antilles, and about six hundred miles from the American coast, or from Cape Hatteras. During the war of 1812, it was the head quarters for the British army and navy on the American station. It was from the Bermudas that the army under General Ross sailed for the Chesapeake, and for the attack on Baltimore. It was also from the Bermudas that one division of the army, destined for the attack on New Orleans, departed, under the command of General Keene—the division under Gen. Gibbs, for the same destination, sailed from Jamaica. These islands are about thirty-five miles in length, and about twenty broad, and are divided into about forty islands, the sea running through them in every direction, forming bays and inlets on almost every side. One of the hulks, the "Goree," an old African ship, is situated at the head of St. George's harbor, and is used as a receiving ship. The "Ardent," sixty-four, was situated in the bay, about four miles from the navy yard at Hamilton, and three miles from the tanks, at the head of a long and dangerous reef of rocks which extends from the eastern end of the islands for about thirty miles, in a kind of semi-circle, running all around the western side of the island. Inside of this reef, and near the head of it, lies the "Thames," a large dismantled ship, her lower masts only standing, looking like three stumps sticking up, and a bowsprit sticking out, looking like a dog's tail cut off. This is the place the patriot Mitchell is incarcerated. This hulk—the "Thames"—has taken the place of the "Ardent," which has been hauled into the docks at Hamilton.

Confinement in one of these hulks is bad enough for sailors, who are accustomed to a wet jacket and hard fare; but for a landsman, who has been bred in scenes of refinement, it is, absolutely, unendurable. His fare is the condemned provisions of the British navy, and that which is not condemned, an American dog would turn up his nose at—the scenery is the constant dash of the ocean against the rocks, laving it into white foam; shut in on the south by high hills, and, on the west open to the broad Atlantic, but locked in by that impassable reef that no vessel dare venture near.

During the war of 1812 to 1815, I was captured by the Lacedemonian frigate, and carried into Bermudas, where I remained a prisoner of war eighteen months, and was, for a time, confined in the "Hulk." I know them well, and when I was first crowded down into the gundeck of that loathsome craft, I thought my days were numbered. There are very persons that can form the slightest idea of an entrance on board of a prison ship. I had been partially initiated before, having once been picked up at sea by the Melyamone frigate, and once before captured on the coast of France, and sent on board the hulks at Portsmouth. On entering the gangway, your mess is called out, and if they are not near at hand for your protection, you are pretty sure to lose your "kit."

The hulk at the head of St. George's harbor may be compared to a wart on a handsome woman's face. The bay which forms the harbor is a beautiful sheet of water. On the left are lofty hills, with plateaux of cedar groves along up the sides, dotted with the white villas of the citizens, and in a valley, and gradually rising to the hills, is the town of St. George, with its white stone houses and flat roofs; and stretching far down the bay, and on the hills below, are the Barracks and Fort Somers. On the south are some low islands, which the open sea rolls on in interminable swells; sometimes dashing against the rock-bound shore, until the white foam looks like a lady's frill, gracefully fitted to her neck.

As soon as I was through with my examination at the court of Vice Admiralty, I was marched to the dock-boat, and when I approached the huge black hulk, swarms of heads could be seen peeping through the port-holes. My blood ran cold as I was ushered on board of this floating pest-house. A few mariners were pacing fore-and-aft, and under a large awning, on the quarter-deck, my name was registered by an officer, and my mess numbered. Fortunately for me, my mess was near the gangway, and I got but one black eye before I was surrounded by my mess. My clothes bag was gone, and I had the satisfaction of seeing one or two very pretty fights for the possession of one of my shirts. The *Goree* was a general receiving ship, where the pirate, the privateersman, the sailor, and the landsman, were all thrown together. Afterwards, the American prisoners were transferred to the Ardent, sixty-four, in the upper bay, where the Thames now lies. After a few days' confinement on board of the Goree, I was transferred to the Ardent.

Nothing but stratagem can ever relieve the unfortunate Mitchell from his position. In the passage up, inside of the Reef, at least four hundred guns could be brought to bear upon any vessel that should venture in, and there at a high elevation. The reef is a perfect barrier to any approach direct from sea. There is no passage through the islands any other way, except for small boats, and they would have to pass through the harbor of St. George in order to reach the upper bay.

After remaining on board of the "Hulks" for some time, I was fortunate enough to get my parole, and lived on the Island of St. George until after peace was declared. The inhabitants of the Bermudes are a very pleasant, agreeable people, and the women are beautiful. The air is pure and wholesome, and the fogs from the banks of Newfoundland bleach their delicate white skins, until they are so clear, that the blue veins can be seen through them. Like the West India Islands, sea-bathing is a constant custom with males and females, and bays and places protected by the jutting rocks are alotted to the females, where it would be sacrilege for a male to enter. There are many handsome cedar groves, which are considered valuable, and, in fact, they are the only thing valuable raised on the islands, except for home consumption.

Bermuda is a famous place for fishing—whales sport around the island at certain seasons of the year—and as for fish for the table, there is no place in the world, in the same latitude, that equals it. The great boast of the islands is the *groper*, which are caught with hook and line on the coast, and the water is so clear that you can see them hook in the bait, in five fathoms. I cannot illustrate on paper, or portray the excitement it creates in watching the motions of the fish when all their movements are distinctly seen with the eye. Fish ponds and traps are frequent, and some of them are very large and contain large quantities of fish, which are always on hand to supply the market, when the heavy gales, which last sometimes many days, prevent the fishermen from taking the usual supply.

THE COCKROACH ON SHIPBOARD.

Most people, particularly if in warm situations, either from climate or local influence, know something of the cockroach; yet though pestered by its invasions, they may be unacquainted with some portions of its history. At the risk of repeating what may be more or less known, I shall venture a brief detail of my own observations, during an acquaintanceship of several years, when I lived in a very populous colony of the insect.

For food the cockroaches scarcely refuse anything; in the destruction of books they are not inferior to the Goths and Vandals; and all sorts of paper, written and clean, except brown, afford them a meal. The best method of preserving books exposed to their ravages, is to cover them with clean washed cotton or linen cloth, which they will not touch; but if soiled with anything edible, they will gnaw it through in the soiled spots. Cork they like very well, and are not averse to rotten wood, especially if impregnated with oil, though the pure oil itself they do not touch; casks of oil have been lost by their perforations through the softer portions of the wood; and in fact all sorts of casks are liable to be thus unceremoniously tapped, if the contents suit their palates. They will make a meal off salt meat, if boiled, and are very fond of fresh, but indeed refuse no sort of animal matter their teeth can gnaw, and these are none of the softest; even birds' skins, smeared with arsenical soap, they will greedily devour, as I found to my cost. Biscuits are their delight, and they waste more than they eat; for not only do they drill them in holes, but anoint them all over; so bad did our bread latterly become from this cause, that absolute want alone could have forced us to use it. Leather-covered trunks are stripped by them in a short time, and shoes pierced into holes; they drink ink, devour vellum, and batten on the ordure of fowls. A bit of their fellows affords a high relish, and one is no sooner wounded, and unable to defend itself, than he is lugged away and eaten up; but worse than all this, they attack even us, the lords of creation, and frequently, during sleep, eat our flesh to the bone. Though no exposed part is free from their depredations, yet they are more particularly disposed to attack the points of the fingers adjoining the nails, where they nibble away the skin to the quick. They have their own likings, too, and prefer certain individuals to others; so that while some have nothing to fear, others cannot fall asleep with any part of their person exposed without sustaining injury from their pincers. Often have I seen our chief officer get up in the morning with his neck and ears clotted with gore, whilst our third officer was scarcely if ever molested by them.

A ship much distressed by scurvy once put into Guam, part of whose crew, poor wretches, half dead in their hammocks, had their limbs literally eaten by cockroaches in holes to the bones; and a few who had died unobserved, or been gnawed to death, were taken out with the flesh half devoured. Great guns have been entered in logbooks as "destroyed by cockroaches," and the sailors declare that they eat the edge off their razors! The damp sea air and salt water had no doubt corroded the former into holes, where the insects found refuge, and licking the oil off the edge of the latter, they probably left a little moisture instead, which soon roughened and blunted the instrument.

Cockroaches, like all other animals, have their enemies; probably the most destructive of these is man, for the sailor abhors them, and always endeavors to kill as many as he can. They have, perhaps, next in order, several of the ichneumons—species of flies that, like the cuckoo, are not at the trouble to hatch their own young, but force this office upon others, at the expense of their own natural brood. Many cockroaches' eggs are thus pierced by the ovipositor of two sorts of this fly, a small and a large one. Of the former, instead of a brood of fourteen or sixteen young cockroaches, I have counted as many as one hundred and seventy-one in a single egg; of the latter there are never more than one. The grubs of these ichneumons of course feed upon the contents of the egg, which sustains them till ready for their change to the perfect or insect state, when they pierce the shell and take wing.

HUDSON BAY TOILET.—The manner of dressing ourselves to resist the cold was curious. We will describe C——— as a type of the rest. After donning a pair of deer-skin trowsers, he proceeded to put on three pair of blanket socks, and over these a pair of moose-skin moccasins. Then a pair of blue cloth leggins were hauled over his trowsers, partly to keep the snow from sticking to them, and partly for warmth. After this he put on a leather capote edged with fur. This coat was very warm, being lined with flannel and over lapped very much in front. It was fastened with a scarlet worsted belt round the waist, and with a loop at the throat. A pair of thick mittens made of deer-skin hung round his shoulders by a worsted cord, and his neck was wrapped in a huge shawl, over the mighty folds of which his good-humored visage beamed like the sun on the edge of a fog bank. A fur cap with ear-pieces completed his costume.—*Ballantyne's Hudson Bay.*

CHINESE LYING.—More unerradicable than the sins of the flesh is the falsity of the Chinese, and its attendant sin of base ingratitude; their disregard of truth has perhaps done more to lower their character in the eyes of Christendom than any other fault. They feel no shame at being detected in a lie, though they have not gone quite so far as not to know when they do lie; nor do they fear any punishment from their gods for it. Every resident among them, and all travellers, declaim against their mendacity. * * Yet the necessity of the case compels them, in their daily intercourse with each other, to pay some regard to truth, and each man, from his own consciousness, knows just about how much to expect.—*Middle Kingdom.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 1, 12, 7, 14, is a county in Arkansas.
My 2, 21, 6, 22, 14, 10, 19, is a county in North Carolina.
My 3, 15, 2, 6, is a county in Ohio.
My 4, 8, 13, is a county in Missouri.
My 5, 14, 22, is a river in the United States.
My 6, 20, 15, 10, 13, is a county in Georgia.
My 7, 14, 12, 4, 2, 20, is a county in Illinois.
My 8, 22, 20, 2, 15, is a county in Kentucky.
My 9, 16, 20, 15, 8, 18, 3, is a river in South America.
My 10, 20, 8, 22, 3, 15, 22, 8, 18, 6, is a county in Tennessee.
My 11, 7, 14, is a lake in Ireland.
My 12, 22, 6, 4, is a river in Europe.
My 13, 8, 21, 3, is a river in England.
My 14, 16, 9, 20, 22, 12, 5, is a country in South America.
My 15, 2, 7, 10, 6, 13, is a county in Missouri.
My 16, 9, 19, 1, 3, 7, 14, 21, is a county in Virginia.
My 17, 11, 3, 10, is a city of Russia.
My 18, 20, 7, 3, 14, 5, is a county in Michigan.
My 19, 6, 3, is a county in Virginia.
My 20, 10, 16, 8, 18, 8, is a town in Spain.
My 21, 13, 6, is a town in England.
My 22, 12, 17, 10, 13, is a county in Georgia.
My whole is the name of a distinguished French orator.

J. W. MORGAN, JR.

CHARADES.

1.

Behold my mighty first, with thundering sound
Hurls forth my second with destructive breath;
My whole makes legions press the bloody ground,
And close their eyes in darkest shades of death.

2.

My first denotes equality—my second inferiority—my third superiority.

RIDDLE.

A word of three syllables seek till you find,
Which has in it the twenty-six letters combined.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

There is a field containing 10 acres, being a square, except that it is one perch longer than broad. What is now the measure of the long sides, and from thence into the centre of the field? D. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a dog, with a broken leg, like a boy ciphering, when he adds a column of thirteen?

Ans.—Because he puts down three and carries one.

☞ Why is a nail driven tight into a wall like a weak old man?

Ans.—It is in firm (infirm.)

☞ How many hoops does a good barrel want?

Ans.—None.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

CHARADES.—FRONT-TIME.—[illegible]

RIDDLE.—THE BEAST.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

THE CROPS IN ENGLAND.—An American gentleman, writing from London, under date of July 6th, says:—The crop of wheat here, it is thought, will not exceed the usual average; but of potatoes the yield promises to be very abundant, and the prospect for them and for grain is also very good on the continent. I have no doubt, however, that after February next, when the duty ceases, this country will be a constant customer to us for wheat and flour, though the extent of it will be governed by the prices with us; and in ordinary seasons it probably will not be taken to any considerable extent at over $4,50 a $5 per barrel.

The Gardener's Chronicle, of July 8th, publishes reports received from various parts of the country, which assert that the potato disease has again manifested itself in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and that it has already done much mischief.

WATERING THE TOPS OF NEWLY TRANSPLANTED TREES.—Some time since an article appeared in the Horticulturist on this subject, recommending the practice of wetting the tops instead of the roots of shrubs or trees, newly transplanted, and which were likely to fail from a want of vitality.

We have had occasion to make trial of this the present season, and can fully commend it to such as have the patience to follow it up. In one case our subject was a rose imported from Paris, and much injured by long packing. It was besides poorly provided with roots, and would have been doubtful if only removed a rod from its place of growth. It has been covered with a barrel having one head, during the day, which has been removed at night, for some four weeks. Night and morning the top has been wet, during the whole time. It is now pushing forth shoots, and the barrel with one head has been replaced by one without any—and which may soon be dispensed with altogether. It will do little good to wet the tops, without shading; otherwise they are soon dried. The process must be continued till new leaves are pushed forth.—*Prairie Farmer.*

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer in the Ohio Cultivator, recommends the following remedy for this disease in chickens: "Steep lobelia, any red pepper in hot (not boiling) water, and mix the food with this liquor as strong as they will eat it, until the chickens *gape* 'for certain.'" It is both a preventive and a remedy. We tried it to see if it would kill some hopeless chickens, but they would live in spite of it, and now we have no trouble with this disease.

CAUSE OF THE GAPES IN CHICKENS.—The cause of this disease is stated to be the use of filthy, sour diet, and drinking from dirty puddle water, with putrid decaying substances. The symptoms are gaping, coughing, and sneezing, dullness, and inactivity, ruffled feathers, and loss of appetite.—*Me. Farmer.*

WASH FOR BUILDINGS.—The following recipe was sent by a gentleman of New Orleans to his friend in Philadelphia, who writes that the wash was satisfactorily tested upon the roof of the Phoenix foundry, in that neighborhood. It is not only a protection against fire, but renders brick work impervious to water. The basis is lime, which must first be slacked with hot water in a tub to keep in the steam. It should then be passed, while in a semi-fluid state, through a fine seive. Take six quarts of the fine lime, and one quart of clean rock salt for each gallon of water—the salt to be dissolved by boiling, and the impurities to be skimmed off. To five gallons of this mixture, (salt and lime,) add one pound of alum, half a pound of copperas, three-fourths of a pound of potash, (the last to be added gradually,) four quarts of fine sand or hard wood ashes. Add coloring matter to suit the fancy.

It should be applied with a brush. It looks as well as paint, and is as lasting as slate. It stops small leaks, prevents moss from growing, and renders the work incombustible.

THE APPLE TREE BLIGHT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—An intelligent neighbor has just related the following, as a fact to be relied upon, desiring that some of your readers will put the thing to the test of experiment and report upon it, for the good of the Community.

In the spring of last year he hired an Irishman, fresh from the Emerald Isle, and while standing in the orchard and examining his vouchers as to character, &c., employed himself by brushing down from the branches of the apple trees, various nests of caterpillars, then rife from the unfriendly state of the season, arising from a cold and very high wind, which happened just at the season of blossoming. Pat saw this, and said, "Ye may jist save yerself the throuble, master; I'll jist jockey them all in a twinkling;" when, cutting a grass sod with his pocket-knife, he fixed it, grass downward, in a crotch of the tree. My friend remarks, "I have no right to expect you to believe it had any effect, as you did not see the result; but having seen, I believe," declaring that the whole crop of caterpillars dwindled away, and were no more seen on the tree. Since then he has often practised it, and in every instance with perfect success; the present season furnishing him with numerous opportunities of "jockeying them" to his heart's content; many of the trees still exhibiting trophies of the art, in the dry sods remaining in the forks of the branches. Now how is this to be accounted for, or is it another edition of Franklin's fishes?

SUBSCRIBER.

Honey Valley, Montgomery County, Pa.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We have long practised putting sods into the nests of caterpillars, as it is very annoying to them, but it is not perfectly effectual in destroying them, as they will sometimes rebuild their nest near it. We find the better way to destroy the nest and as many of the worms as possible, and then a sod on the site of the old nest, will prevent their rebuilding, which the caterpillars that escape destruction will often do.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SUGAR CULTURE OF THE SOUTH.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It has been customary to attribute the unfitness of New Orleans sugar for the purpose of refining, to the ungeniality of the climate in that part of the country, the crop being in an incipient state, not properly concocted, as it may be termed; but with due deference, I would suggest it arises much more probably from the nature of the soil; a black alluvium, or more properly, a black sand, in some parts forty feet in depth, and which by shallow ploughing, and insufficient surface hoeing, has become *slimy*, pappy in wet, and impenetrable in dry weather; which cannot be friendly to the perfection of a crop, much as it might aid in the growth of the stalk. When present on those lands I could but observe that the tendency of the weeds is to take the form of a cane, and to run up to a height of many feet in almost as many days—a state of things by no means desirable for the developement of any crop, not even that of sugar.

In a statistical account of the West Indies, we find that estates differ most widely in the production of sugar, both as to quantity and quality, the advantage being in favor of the most healthy situated plantation, all other circumstances being equal; while the introduction of the large self-sharpening ploughs of Prouty & Mears, constructed on the Centre-Draught principle, by which the land is undermined and thoroughly broken and pulverized, opening the earth to the depth of a foot or more, and burying all surface vegetation past recovery, has been the means of adding an extra hogshead of sugar per acre, by sub-cultivating and sweetening a soil, proverbial for richness, and too often also, for sickliness; and saving at the same time more than one half the after labor of the hoe. These ploughs are worked by three or four yoke of cattle, or four or six mules, and the extra quantity of sugar is not more conspicuous than its extra quality, the facility in the manufacture of the article partaking largely also, in the advantages derived from a more thorough culture of the soil.—*Boston Cultivator.*

A GREAT SAVING OF TIME.

The New York papers speak of an "atmospheric churn," which brings the butter in five minutes' time, and costs only $4. It is of Illinois invention, and is thus described:—

The churn consists of a square box, about fifteen inches square, having an upright shaft of dash of about an inch diameter in the centre. This shaft is a hollow metallic cylinder, through which the atmosphere is conducted near the bottom of the cream. A hollow metallic cross-piece is attached to the lower end, much flattened, to admit of rapid motion through the cream. The upper end of the shaft is attached to a cog-wheel, and a person turns it by a crank, as he would a house coffee-mill, and with as much ease. The shaft whirls rapidly, the cream is driven from it and from the cross-piece at the bottom by the centrifugal force, the atmospheric air follows through the tube, and circulates constantly through the cream. The churn being square also, serves to break the cream more rapidly than if it were round.

WHAT IS A MODEL FARM?—A model farm, if true to its name, is one upon which only the best practices are pursued; in other words, the *beau ideal of a farm*; and in order to become a model, it must necessarily show a greater annual return, in proportion to the outlay, than most of the neighboring farms.

FATTENING PIGS ON PARSNIPS.

A correspondent has written to us, to inquire "whether we know, by our own experience, the quality of the parsnip for feeding and fattening pigs?" In answer, we beg to state, that, at our farm at Outlands Ringmer, we have been in the habit of employing parsnips for that purpose for some time. Upon reference to our books we find that on the 11th of October, 1847, we put up two shoats of eleven weeks old, and fed them on skim milk and parsnips, for three months, when they were killed, weighing two hundred and thirty-one and two hundred and thirty-eight pounds. They were well fattened firm in flesh, and the meat of excellent flavor. The quantity of parsnips consumed by them was nine bushels each.—*Sussex (English) Express.*

REMARKS.—We have often wondered that no more account is made of this valuable root. All the world is alive to the value of the carrot; while this rich esculent, is entirely overlooked. That the parsnip contains more saccharine matter than the carrot, or even any of the beets, we are satisfied. A very excellent wine is made of it, which we venture to assert cannot be made from any other of the whole root crop. Its estimation as an edible for the table also tells in its favor. And a herd of hogs turned into a field containing bagas, beets, carrots, and parsnips, would not be long in settling the question which they like best; and as they cannot read the Genesee Farmer, and are not influenced by any of our blundering theories, and trust alone to experience, and that unerring guide that nature has provided them in the place of reason, we are disposed to give them the credit of being very capable judges—very.—*Genesee Farmer.*

DON'T RAISE WOOL ENOUGH.

The American Farmer contains a letter from Samuel Lawrence, Esq., of Lowell, to H. S. Randall, of Cortland, N. Y., on the subject of wool growing.

Mr. Randall enquires of him whether the present home demand is supplied, and what countries we export wool to?

Mr. L. answers that there is not enough annually raised in the country by *ten millions of pounds*, to meet the demands of the manufactories. He also says that this country will not export wool regularly for fifteen years, for the reason that the consumption will increase as rapidly as the production. I can point out articles made of wool now imported, which will require *thirty millions* of pounds, of a medium and fine quality, to support the consumption. After stating that the business of manufacturing wool in the country was never on a better basis, inasmuch as the skill and capital engaged is such as to defy foreign competition, he urges Mr. R. to keep the wool growers steady to the mark.

For Housekeepers.

TO PREPARE GRAVY FOR A COLD BEEF HASH, OR STEAK HASH.

For a small dish of six persons, put a tea-cup and a half of boiling water into a small sauce-pan, and make a thin paste with a heaping teaspoonful of flour, wet with a great spoonful of cold water. Stir it in, and boil it three minutes. Then put in half a teaspoonful of black pepper and rather more salt, and let it stand where it will be kept hot, but not boiling, till fifteen minutes before it is to be used. Then cut the beef into half inch mouthfuls, and take as much cold boiled potatoes, and half as many cold turnips. Put these all together into a tin pan the size of a dining plate. Then stir in two great spoonfuls of butter into the gravy till melted, and if you like tomato catsup add a great spoonful and pour it over the hash, and cover it with a plate and let it heat on the stove, or trivet, ten minutes, and then serve it. If the hash is made without vegetables, take only a tea cup full of water, and a teaspoonful of flour, and a little less pepper and salt. If you have the beef gravy of yesterday, use it instead of butter, and put in less pepper, salt, butter and water, and only one spoonful of butter. If tomatoes are liked, peel and slice two large ones, and add with the potatoes and turnips. Let a housekeeper try this, and then vary it to her own taste, or the taste of her family, and then write the exact proportions for the use of all the future cooks of her family.

COMMON GRAVIES.

Pour out the drippings of the tin roaster through a gravy strainer, into a pan, and set it away till cold. Next day, scrape the sediment from the bottom, and then use it to make gravy in place of butter, for hashes. Mutton drippings must not be used for cooking. It is not fashionable to have gravy made for roast beef or mutton, as the juice of the meat is preferred, which, on the plate, is mixed with catsup or whatever is preferred.—Gravies for poultry are made as directed in the article on roasting meats. Drawn butter is the foundation of most common gravies, and is to be prepared as described below.

DRAWN OR MELTED BUTTER.

Rub in two teaspoonfuls of flour into a quarter of a pound of butter. Add five teaspoonfuls of cold water. Set it into boiling water, and let it melt, and heat until it begins to simmer, and it is done. Never simmer it on coals, as it fries the oil and spoils it. Be careful not to have the flour in lumps. If it is to be used with fish, put in chopped eggs and nasturtions, or capers. If used with boiled fowl, put in oysters while it is simmering, and let them heat through.

The Olio.

VERIFICATION OF DREAMS.

A lady, not long since, related to me the following circumstance:—Her mother, who was at the time residing in Edinburgh, in a house, one side of which looked into a wynd, while the door was in the High street, dreamed that, it being Sunday morning, she had heard a sound which had attracted her to the window; and while looking out, had dropt a ring from her finger into the wynd below. That she had thereupon gone down in her night-clothes to see it; but when she reached the spot it was not to be found. Returning, extremely vexed at her loss, as she re-entered her own door she met a respectable-looking young man, carrying some loaves of bread. On expressing her astonishment at finding a stranger there at so unseasonable an hour, he answered by expressing his at seeing her in such a situation. She said she had dropt her ring, and had been round the corner to seek it; whereupon, to her delightful surprise, he presented her with her lost treasure. Some months afterwards, being at a party, she recognized the young man seen in her dream, and learned that he was a baker. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion; and, I think, two years elapsed before she met him again. This second meeting, however, led to an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage.

On the night of the 21st of June, in the year 1813, a lady, residing in the north of England, dreamed that her brother, who was then with his regiment in Spain, appeared to her saying, "Mary, I die this day at Vittoria." Vittoria was a town which, previous to the famous battle, was not generally known even by name in this country, and this dreamer, among others, had never heard of it; but, on rising, she eagerly resorted to a Gazetteer for the purpose of ascertaining if such a place existed. On finding that it was so, she immediately ordered her horses, and drove to the house of a sister, who resided some eight or nine miles off, and her first words on entering the room were,

"Have you heard anything of John?"

"No," replied the second sister, "but I know that he is dead! He appeared to me last night in a dream, and told me that he was killed at Vittoria. I have been looking into the Gazetteer and Atlas, and I find that there is such a place, and I am sure that he is dead!" And so it proved; the young man died that day at Vittoria, and I believe, on the field of battle.—*The Night Side of Nature, a new work by Mrs. Crowe, issued in London.*

BOSTON LADIES—*Ninety-Five Years Ago.*—We find in the American annals, an account of the anniversary of a Society for Encouraging Industry, held in 1753, on which occasion Boston Common presented a novel sight.

"In the afternoon, about three hundred young female spinsters, decently dressed, appeared on the Common at their spinning-wheels. They were placed regularly in three rows, and a female was seated at each wheel. The weavers also appeared cleanly dressed, in garments of their own weaving,—one of them, working at a loom on a stage, was carried on men's shoulders, attended with music. An immense number of spectators were present at this interesting spectacle. The Rev. Dr. Cooper preached a discourse, and a collection was made for the benefit of the institution."

Ladies of Boston whirling three hundred spinning wheels! These were afterward the matrons who refused British tea; and who never sung "airy nothings" over a piano.

SINGULAR AND ASTONISHING WORKS OF ART.—It is recorded, that, in the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scaliot, a Blacksmith, made a lock, consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass; all which, together with a pipe-key to it, weighing but one grain of gold: he made also a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, whereunto having fastened the lock and key, he put the chain round the neck of a flea, which drew them with great ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, weighed but one grain and a half.

It is likewise reported of a wonderful artist, named Myrmecides, that he made out of ivory a chariot with four wheels and four horses, in so small a compass, that a fly might cover them with her wings. Also a ship, with all her tackling, so small that a bee might hide it under her wings.

☞ Why is a dog moving without feet like perpetual motion? Because it goes without paws (pause.)

Humorous Sketches.

JOKES.

FROM KNICKERBOCKER'S MAGAZINE.

Our friend, Judge Edmonds, who, amid all his dry labors, relishes a joke as well as another, tells some pleasant stories of incidents which sometimes occur on his country circuits. Among them is one connected with the temperance cause, which two or three years ago disturbed the State and agitated all classes by reason of the submission to the ballot-box of the question whether any licences to sell liquors should be granted. The Judge was holding Court in the country at the time the vote was taken, and for a week or two afterward, and looked on with a curious eye to see how the matter worked. He observed especially the fact, that the strongest vote against licenses was generally given in those towns where there was the most drinking, and that in these towns, and indeed generally, persons who had been in the habit of drinking, now drank harder than ever, apparently out of spite, and to show that they *could* drink if they pleased, and *would*, law or no law. One afternoon of a delightful day, early in the season, after the Court had adjourned, the Judge was sitting on the porch of his hotel, with several gentlemen around him, whose attention he was calling to the number of drunken men then within sight; and he and they were speculating upon the effect of the law, and upon the odd sort of feeling which had produced such a result, when a man came up to them most particularly "blue." He had some business with one of the party, and boozy as he was, showed that he was a smart, shrewd fellow, and withal fond of fun. When he had got through his business, the Judge said to him:

"I suspect, my friend, you didn't vote on the 'No License' side, this election."

"Didn't I, by——!" was the reply; "yes I *did*, though, I tell you."

"You did?" inquired the Judge; "how did that happen?"

"Why, Judge, I'll tell you what it is," hiccupped the fellow, "I'm a pretty likely man when I let liquor alone; it's only when I get rum abeard of me that I make a d—— fool of myself."

"Well, why don't you let it alone, then?"

"Oh! you see, Judge, that's easier said than done. When I'm anywhere's where it is, I must have it; so I voted to shet 'em all up."

"It's a great pity," said the Judge, "for so shrewd and intelligent a man as you seem to be, to have acquired such a habit. What has done it?"

"Oh! you see, Judge, I was constable five or six years, and then deputy sheriff three years, and then sheriff three years, and then constable again; and so I've been about a good deal among the boys, and got to drinking, and now I can't stop. Judge, I'll tell you what," he continued, with an apparent change of the subject that no one could account for, "I am the universal horse-doctor down in the Highlands, where I live, and if any body's horse gets sick, they come to me. The other day a fellow came to me and said his horse was sick. I asked him what was the matter with his horse? He said he wouldn't drink, and he asked me what he should do to make him drink. I told him to elect him constable, by thunder!—he'd drink *then* fast enough! I'd *tried* it, you see, and know!"

John Smith—we mention this gentleman's cognomen with some reluctance, for the reason that there are *two* persons of the same name in Gotham—John Smith was returning to town on one occasion about midnight, in a dark snow-storm. He was "full of new wine," and was quite unable, after riding for an hour, to find his own dwelling; but he drove up to a house which he thought must be at least in his neighborhood, and almost wrenched the bell-pull off with his hurried and repeated ringings. At length a neighbor's head peered from an upper window:

"What do you want, down there?" said not the best-natured voice in the world; "what the mischief do you *want*?—ringing the bell as if the house was a-fire! *What do you want?*"

"Can you tell me where John Smith lives?"

"J-o-h-n S-m-i-t-h?" answered the recognizing neighbor, with a kind of exclamatory interrogation; "why, *you* are John Smith, yourself!"

"I know *that*, as well as you do," hiccuped John, "but I don't know where I *live*? I want to know *wh-e-r-e I l-i-v-e?*" Somebody showed him.

Madame Malaprop herself, in the misapplication of language, hardly exceeded a certain Deacon L———, of Maine, who, speaking the other day of his early years, remarked that although he was a boy when the American Revolution commenced, yet he remembered all about it, having received his information from his father, who kept the run of public affairs, being a "*warm libertine!*" The same man called one day upon a lawyer, in great anger, to get him to commence a suit against a neighbor. The lawyer advised him to try once more to settle the matter.

"Well, Squire," said the determined complainant, "I *will* call on him once more; but if he don't pay up I shall insist upon your taking coercive measures forthwith."

RUNNING DOWN THE BOASTER.

A country fellow who was once boasting about the swiftness of his horse, declared that he could outrun any thing which went upon four legs. A neighbor of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule?" said the boaster, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner wouldn't plank a hundred dollars, to run him against a horse. He began to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand into his pocket; he pulled it out again; and at last he said—"I don't know, I swow, about the tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat." So saying he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat any thing which went on four legs, except the mule.

"Why," said the other, "I've got a jackass that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" said the other.

And "Done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster, "so I will, plaguy quick," taking out his pocket-book.

"Well; cover it if you dare—and I'll put another hundred atop of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your dust, I say."

"I don't know faith! I never saw that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, beginning to hesitate, "he may be the devil and all on a race for what I know."

"Do you *back* out, then?"

"Yes, I *s'mmence* this time; but, by jingo, there's nothing else you can bring, except the jackass and the mule, but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so, faith!"

"Why, if you are not quite certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a nigger that will outrun him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that—there ain't no nigger that ever breathed that can beat my horse."

"Very well, cover that." As he said this the man put down the hundred dollars, "but," said he, "if you back out this time, you shall forfeit ten dollars; and if I back out, I'll do the same."

"Agreed," said the boaster, "I'm sure my horse can beat a nigger, if he can't a mule or a jackass."

"Well, plank your money, if you please."

"Plank it! so I will—don't you fear that."—Saying this, he once more took out his pocket-book and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust," said the other, taking out more money,—"for I am ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars—or two hundred, if you like. Come, why do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I've ready for a stake."

"Three hundred dollars?" exclaimed the boaster, staring like a stuck pig; "three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know, I swon."

"What, man! you are not going to be frightened again?"

"Frightened! Oh, no—oh, no—it's no easy matter to frighten me—but really—"

"You mean to back out?"

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. It's kind o'risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars, then?"

"Why, yes, I 'spose I must, said the boaster, handing over the money, with an air of great mortification—"better lose this than more—for there's no knowing how fast these blamed niggers will run. But anything else you can bring except the mule, the jackass, and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."

A POINTED ARGUMENT.—There is truth and pungency in the following remark, which might often serve to silence the scoffer and gainsayer. The late Dr. Mason once said to an infidel, who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality? Then, don't you see," said Dr. M., "that by expecting the professors of Christianity to be holy, admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the highest compliment in your power?" The infidel was silenced.